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## "FLORODORA"

WRITTEN

BY

REGINALD BACCHUS

ILLUSTRATED

BY

PHOTOGRAPHS



MISS ADA REEVE

*From Photo by W. H. MIDWINTER & Co. Bristol*

WITH "Florodora" musical comedy has gone about as far as it can. I say this in no hasty or nasty spirit, for though I am not of those who hold that the peculiar form of humorous and musical entertainment known as "musical comedy" is the best way in which the ears and the eyes of after-diners can be pleased, I make no struggle against the tide of the times and take off my hat quite pleasantly to "Florodora," as the most complete thing of its kind that has yet been presented to the British public.

I have kept this little admission of the  
VOL. X., NEW SERIES.—JULY, 1900

beauties of "Florodora" for a while, because I was sure that so expensive a piece must surely run for a long time, and because I did not wish to rush into print and photographs with the advance guard of the critics. I preferred to take "Florodora" after it had mellowed a little, after it had settled down, in the manner of its costly kind, to be one of the stock joys of London.

This article on "Florodora" is not, of course, a critique in the accepted sense of the much abused term. It is the fashion in England to leave a play—and "Florodora" is really a play—severely alone after it has pursued the first week of its career. An occasional

fresh crop of photographs and an inspired par, or so, announcing the tremendous business is all the printed intimation that you get of its existence. My collection of words is to be a sort of appreciation of the thing; a collection of interviewettes of the persons chiefly concerned; and added remarks of my own, which may be skipped by those who are nervous of them. However, I am taking "Florodora" as an accepted institution, not as a new Aunt Sally to cock-shy down.

Necessity number one in a musical comedy is that you shall have a large number of very beautiful ladies, not necessarily to play parts, but to please the eye. The projectors of "Florodora" have made no mistake in this particular department of the game. They have got ravishing ladies, and a large number of them. When they are all there, and it happens several times during the progress of this pleasing medley, the joint charms may well curdle the staid plot of life of the most determined bachelor. They are of all sizes and varieties of beauty; they are brunettes and they are blondes; they are contentedly English and they are avowedly American. Some of them look as if they were really the Spanish girls that they represent, and one or two of them are very fine and large indeed. You get these charmers in various costumes; at first they are the peasant ladies who help to cultivate the essence of "Florodora," then they are changed into Welsh divinities with the top hats of the neighbourhood—I should like the address of that Cymric village that can put so bright-eyed an army of Amazons into the field—and lastly, these delightful ladies get themselves into the most modern of evening frocks, and dance round a stately ball-room as if it was Covent Garden itself. Some of these frocks may well make those less fortunate ladies who sit in the dress circle rebel against the tyrannical limits of their dress allowance. It is an appetising sight—for the male sex—and an envious one for the female. I have seen "Florodora" several times, and have had the most indiscreet Mahomedan ideas suggested to my too fragile brain. How I have wished that I was Mr. Cyrus Gilfain, the pacha of

that odorous isle. How I have condemned him for forsaking it for any Welsh fortress, even should it be visited by the agent of M.A.P. I would even give my services for nothing as one of the six agile and elegant young clerks who are so Conduit-Street-turned-out in "Florodora."

Twelve of these young ladies are elevated above their sisters; these twelve are what I believe to be called "small-part ladies." Certainly their parts are very small—you must watch the show carefully or you will miss one or more of the parts altogether—but all of this prominent dozen are more than ordinarily fascinating, and they have much nicer frocks to wear than their humbler sisters of the rank and file. Six of them are indigenous to the isle of "Florodora," and six of them are English ladies who come to the place on one of those happy chances that are so necessary to musical plays. Among them you may find Miss Nancy Girling, one of the sweetest of English beauties; Miss Beryl Somerset with a wealth of hair of that colour that De Nessimys would have raved about; Miss Fanny Dango, a very pretty little lady, who is sister to our only Letty Lind; Miss Jane May, quite different in beauty to her sister Edna, and Miss Lydia West, petite, with big appealing eyes, and with the true Parisian *diablerie de corps*. Later on Miss West is Mr. Gilfain's typewriter, in one of the smartest of frocks, and altogether she is one of the prettiest spots in the play.

As a half contrast to the twelve small-part ladies, there are six small-part gentlemen; among them is Mr. Lambert, whom I have seen play leading parts extremely well, and they are all of them very well dressed. Such parts are new to musical comedy, and they may become popular—if musical comedy is going to continue being popular.

That is the bed-rock of "Florodora"; the chorus, the small-part ladies and the small-part gentlemen. It is a good half of the battle, and it is the best half of the battle in "Florodora."

I suppose that, after the ladies, the music is the thing that must next be considered in a "musical comedy," and



MR. ERNEST LAMBART

*From Photo by*

LANGFIER LIMITED, London and Glasgow

though the music in "Florodora" has not set the barrel organs by the ears, it is certainly pretty, and at times reaches quite a surprisingly high level. It is pleasing from start to finish, and while you are actually at the theatre you can find no fault with it, but when you are gone, say after supper, and you want to recall an air, you will find that nothing has stuck in your head. And yet this is surprising, for Mr. Leslie Stuart, the composer of "Florodora," has written music that has haunted the ears of all London.

Mr. Leslie Stuart, to begin my interviewettes, is a gentleman from the north country, and his speech still possesses the pleasant "burr" of his land. He came to London to make fame and fortune out of his music, and sold "Louisiana Lou" to Mr. George Edwardes. From that time he has gone on supplying the most delightful of

coon melodies to Londoners. I need only mention that "Little Dolly Daydreams" and "The Dandy Fifth" are both from his brain, to show how versatile is Mr. Stuart.

This is his *début* as the composer of a whole musical piece, but the powers that be in the shape of enterprising managers have been quick to recognise that he is a force that must not be neglected, and he is already busy on a new play.

After the music the book, and I am afraid that I must say that Mr. Owen Hall, the man who is responsible for it, has been disappointing. From the author of the "Geisha" and the "Gaiety Girl," one naturally expected much, and Mr. Hall has had a better acting company to write for in "Florodora" than ever he had during his connection with Mr. George Edwardes. A good many of Mr.

MR. PAUL RUBENS

*From Photo by*

THE STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, London



Hall's accustomed sallies against society are fired off during the evening, and one or two of them are witty, but they do not atone for the fact that Owen Hall has lamentably failed to provide a second "Geisha." Improvements have been made since the first night, but when you have a story that has no main humorous idea, and a story that leaves the comedians to provide the fun as best they can—well, you can't improve on it very much.

Mr. Hall, as I have mentioned, provided us with "The Gaiety Girl" and "The Geisha," two of the best musical comedies of recent days. He is also a journalist, and recently edited a satirical pro-Boer organ called "The Phoenix," which, however, despite the very clever writing that it contained, did not enjoy a very lengthy career.

The majority of the lyrics in "Floro-

dora" are from the pen of Mr. Paul Rubens, and they are well turned and witty. He has written the words of Miss Ada Reeve's two popular songs, "Inkling" and "Tact," and he is also responsible for the music of the latter song.

Mr. Rubens is a young man, in fact, four years ago he was an undergraduate at Oxford, but, and taking also into consideration the fact that he has been reading for the bar, since he first came before the public, he has accomplished a great deal of work. He was part author of "Young Mr. Yarde," produced by the Grossmiths, and he was again part author of "Great Cæsar," the clever musical comedy that included Ada Reeve and Willie Edouin at the Comedy Theatre. He wrote lyrics for Arthur Roberts in "Dandy Dan," and when "Little Miss Nobody" came to

the Lyric Theatre he was responsible for the most popular song in the piece, "Trixie from Upper Tooting."

Paul Rubens, when at Oxford, was a leading light of the Dramatic Society, and figured in several of their productions. At smoking concerts he was in great request, and at organising concerts himself he was indefatigable. He is a hard worker and believes in a good deal of fresh air. Wherefore he golfs, and, when he can manage it, does a bit of shooting before breakfast.

So much for the chief artificers of "Florodora." I should like to pay a tribute to the stage manager, to the costumiere, and to the scenic artist, but I do not know their names. However, their work is excellent, and much of the success of "Florodora" is to be attributed to their efforts.

Of the players, I must of course give pride of place to Ada Reeve. An interview with that brilliant little lady has but recently appeared in this magazine, wherefore I will not go into her career. Suffice it to say that she started her stage career at the comparatively youthful age of six, and that she has been in harness pretty well without a break since that date. Recently Londoners will remember her in "The Gay Parisienne," in which she showed that an English actress could really be a Parisienne to the life, and also wear her frocks in the manner that only Parisian and a few others know how to. She was also in that clever musical comedy, "All Abroad," at the Criterion Theatre, and then she went away to take Australia captive, and came back to make the so far biggest success of her artistic career, as the Parisian lady once more, in Arthur Roberts' company in Milord Sir Smith at the Comedy Theatre. Since the first night of that production, Miss Reeve has had London at her feet, and has not spared herself in her endeavours to please them, for, not content to delight one theatre audience per night, she has taken the opportunity of a long wait to run across to the Palace Music Hall and there been the star turn of the evening.

Miss Reeve has a delightfully fascinating personality and is as full of

talent as she can be. It would be rash indeed to attempt to define any limit that she may attain to in any or every branch of the stage art, for she has not yet had a proper opportunity to shine in the more serious branches of her work. However, a leading actor-manager has pronounced that in his opinion Miss Reeve could not be bettered as Lady Teazle, and what higher praise could there be? The unfortunate fact of an old contract from which there was no release took her from us for a month or two this Christmas to a provincial pantomime, a pantomime in which she, as a boy, showed that there existed a successor to Nelly Farren. However, Miss Reeve must on no account go away from London any more.

There is much talent in the cast of "Florodora," for with Miss Reeve are associated Miss Evie Greene and Miss Kate Cutler, both stars in the musical comedy world. Miss Greene is the Spanish lady of the piece, and she is a Spaniard to the life. She has the walk and the carriage of the southern beauties, and in addition to being very handsome, her acting is artistic to a degree.

Miss Greene has not been very long on the stage, and till she was introduced to Londoners by Mr. Tom Davis in "L'Amour Mouillé," was practically unknown to metropolitan playgoers. In a very few months, however, she has established herself in the very first rank of her particular branch of the profession.

She first made her acquaintance with the stage in the chorus of that charming comic opera, "Marjorie," but it was not long before she was playing small parts. She played in various comic operas on tour, and at Christmas time went into pantomime, in which she has been both principal girl and principal boy. Though those who have seen her in "Florodora" know what a delightful girl she is, those who also saw her in "L'Amour Mouillé" know that she is still more delightful as a boy, and it is as a boy that she has made her chief pantomime successes. It was my good fortune to see Miss Greene as the principal boy of an ex-

MISS EVIE GREENE

AS "DOLORES" IN "FLORODORA"

From Photo by

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



cellent pantomime in Glasgow, and I was charmed to notice how she disregarded the traditional methods that the usual principal boy has been content to stick to, and appears likely to intend to stick to for all time, and had thought out the part on original and artistic lines. Miss Greene's Prince in "Cinderella" was not merely a handsome girl in tights, it was a thoroughly considered piece of acting. She played with Little Titch at the Garrick Theatre, in "Lord Tom Noddy," and subsequently went on tour with him in that play, and, after that again, she was most successful in "The New Barmaid." Her *début* in "L'Amour Mouillé" all Londoners will remember; it is rarely indeed that a *débutante* has received so large a number of laudatory press notices. Miss Greene is the wife of that clever actor and singer, Mr. Richard Temple, and is a lady who has a great future before her. She is a worthy

successor in light opera of delightful Miss Florence St. John.

Miss Kate Cutler has for some time been in the good books of the London public; in fact since her *début* on the stage, in "Pepita," at Toole's old theatre, she has rarely left the metropolis. It was perhaps her delightful performance of Trilby in Miss Nelly Farren's burlesque, "A Model Trilby," at the Opera Comique that made her famous, and after that came another charming performance in "All Abroad," in which she was associated with Ada Reeve. Then came the long run of the "French Maid," and quite recently another trump in "Little Miss Nobody." Miss Cutler is daintiness and refinement personified, and there could be no better exponent of the fresh English girl in "Florodora" than she is.

The fun in the play is in the hands of Messrs. Willie Edouin and Charles

Stevens, and it could scarcely be in better hands. Mr. Edouin is of course a very old London favourite, and he has been successful in many parts. Personally, I am inclined to remember his Chinaman as the best thing that he has ever done, and I have seen him do it in two different plays. One hopes that in the very near future another Chinese part will be written for this most humorous of comedians. In farce every one remembers Mr. Edouin in that screaming absurdity, "Our Flat." His Hilarius in "La Poupée" was a work of genius, and scarcely less so was his performance in "Great Cæsar," at the Comedy Theatre. As the phrenologist in "Florodora" he is delightfully quaint.

Mr. Charles Stevens, the millionaire of "Florodora," began life on his own in a way that scarcely promised that he would become a successful comedian. He was in a racing stable, and was a first class horseman. He still keeps up his affection for the sport of kings, and knows as much and a bit more about racing as any of his brother Thespians. Mr. Stevens has been in several London productions, but it is in the provinces that his fame is greatest, and in Liver-

pool, and Manchester, and the great cities of the north and midlands his is a name to conjure with. He has been in many pantomimes, and as the dame, as one of the ugly sisters in Cinderella, as the baron, or any other of the stock pantomime parts, he is immense. He is a comedian with the keenest sense of fun, for which he does not get quite all the scope that he deserves in "Florodora." I first remember Charles Stevens in London, when he was with Arthur Roberts in "Claude Duval," in which play he gagged as readily and as ably as the arch gagger himself. He, too, is one of the Florodorists who was in "All Abroad," in which category, by the way, I had forgotten to include Mr. Willie Edouin, and recently he came out in comedy, and was very funny as the waiter with Charles Hawtrey in the "Cuckoo."

I have mentioned before that the minor parts in "Florodora" are ably and picturesquely played. It is a play that has successfully weathered the very worst theatrical season that has been known for many years past in London, and will, I should imagine, be running for some time still after the publication of this article.





THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "HOLLAND," RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY. BOW VIEW OF BOAT IN DRY DOCK

## THE SUBMARINE BOAT AND ITS FUTURE

WRITTEN BY HENRY TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HE possibility of successfully navigating the ocean in a wholly or partially submerged craft, has long been a mooted question with inventors and scientists for many years past. Indeed, submarine navigation is by no means a new idea, for submarine boats would appear to be as old as the hills.

If authorities are correct, the submarine boat may be said to have existed in the time of Alexander the Great. Indeed, he is said to have been a passenger in a craft of this nature, but, unfortunately, or, perhaps, fortunately, the build

and character of this boat is not described. But in any case, the career of the submarine boat may be said to have extended over fully three centuries.

The first submarine boat of which we have any authentic description, was built by a Hollander of the name of Cornelis van Drebbel, in 1624. It was built on the Thames, near London, and it would appear that James I. made a trip in this wonderful craft. Naturally, the famous Hollander was proud of the fact that the King of England travelled in his boat, and there, probably, its glory ended, for nothing more of importance is recorded of this interesting craft. Some historians even say that Cornelis van Drebbel's boat never did actually submerge. We certainly doubt whether it attempted to navigate along the bot-



tom of the Thames when the King was a passenger. Thirty-six years later a man of the name of Day went down in a submarine boat at Yarmouth, and sent the whole town, such as it was in those days, mad with excitement. When he repeated his experiment, however, neither boat nor crew reappeared.

The next submarine boat was designed in 1776, by an American engineer, named Bushnell. This boat, which was propelled by oars, was primitive in the extreme, and was destroyed soon after going into commission by the shots of a British man-of-war. Fulton was the next submarine crank to appear upon the scene, and it must be acknowledged that he was decidedly more successful. He designed two different types of submarine boats, and made numerous experiments. On one occasion, he is reported to have kept his craft under water for four hours, while he also exploded a mine at Brest from his submarine boat. This was in 1801.

From this period up till the arrival of Professor Tuck's "Peacemaker," in 1887, submarine boats had a decidedly unlucky time. Phillips's wooden boat sank too deep on Lake Erie, and was broken by the excessive pressure of the water, with disastrous results. Curiously enough, the same fate befell Bauer's iron boat in 1850 at Kiel. Fortunately, Bauer and his two men escaped by being carried up by a huge compressed air bubble. McClintock and Howgate's submarine boat, constructed in 1863, was responsible for the loss of no less than thirty-two men. She was used by the Confederates in the American Civil War; but, alas, her four submersions resulted in the killing of her volunteer crews.

The "Peacemaker" saw the introduction of the cigar-shaped boats. She was 30 feet long, 8 feet wide, and  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep. She was lighted by electricity and propelled by a steam engine of fourteen horse-power. This boat was submerged by filling her ballast tanks with water and raised by means of a rudder, which moved around a horizontal axis. Two men composed the crew, an engineer and a companion who acted as "helmsman." This latter took up a

position in a glass-enclosed dome, which projected from the upper surface of the hold. Altogether, the "Peacemaker" may be said to have been fairly successful as a submarine boat, for she demonstrated her ability to attain a speed of about eight miles an hour when well submerged.

The "Peacemaker" was an American boat, and while she was being tried in American waters, experiments were also being made on this side of the Atlantic with Nordenfeldt's four submarine boats. The most successful of these latter was the "Nordenfeldt," built by Mr. Garrett, at the works of the Barrow Shipbuilding Company. She was 125 feet long, 12 feet in diameter, with a displacement of 245 tons, when fully submerged. Nordenfeldt's boats were different to their predecessors, inasmuch as they burned fuel when on the surface and relied on the heat stored in the boiler when under water. Unfortunately, the four crafts came to an untimely end. The "Nordenfeldt" was wrecked on her way to the Baltic, while the same fate appears to have overtaken her sister-ship that went out to the Golden Horn.

Briefly, then, this is the history of the submarine boat. The subject of underwater navigation has always been a fascinating one, but never more so than it is to-day. The announcement that France has decided upon the construction of 100 submarine boats for her Navy, and the additional fact that the United States naval authorities have purchased the submarine torpedo boat "Holland," has awakened a deep interest in the subject.

The submarine boat of to-day is a vastly superior kind of craft than those we have mentioned. In fact, it is not going too far to say that the problem of submarine navigation has practically been solved. We say "practically" advisedly, for undoubtedly there is room for a great deal of improvement, but recent experiments with some of the latest arrivals, point to the fact that engineers have at last been able to grasp the nature of their task, and are endeavouring to design boats which will fulfil these essentials.

Our photographs illustrate the submarine torpedo boat "Holland," which

has just been bought by the United States Government, from the Holland Submarine Torpedo Boat Company, for £30,000. This remarkable boat was invented by Mr. George Holland, who has been experimenting with submarine craft for more than a quarter of a century. No boat has caused so much newspaper talk in America as the "Holland." She has been referred to in the yellow journals as "Uncle Sam's Devil of the Deep," "Monster War Fish," "A Submarine Terror," and such-like bewitching titles.

All last summer the "Holland" was playing all kinds of pranks at the end of Long Island, to the amusement of those who understood her, and to the apprehension of those not acquainted with submarine boats and their ways. Suddenly she would be detected like a lifeless log on the water, and as suddenly she would disappear. Sometimes she would remain immersed for only a few minutes, while at others she would not be seen for half-an-hour or more. Occasionally she would rise near the point where she dived, while at others a quarter of a mile or more would be covered before she reappeared. She would sink close to a large vessel, and then suddenly reappear on the other side, much to the astonishment of those on board, who watched the mysterious craft with an interest never before exhibited in marine architecture.

So great was the interest taken in the boat, and so many astonishing things she performed, or could perform—at least, so the papers said—that at last the United States naval authorities decided to ask her inventor to submit the craft to certain prescribed tests, with a view to purchasing the vessel should she prove herself capable of meeting their requirements.

These tests took place in November last, in Peconic Bay, on the north coast of Long Island, in the presence of an official trial board, composed of United States naval officers. Although these tests took place so far back as last November, the naval authorities did not definitely make up their minds to purchase the craft until April this year.

The trials which the United States Government required were, that the

boat should proceed a mile under water, rise to the surface to make an observation from the conning tower, discharge a torpedo at a target while at full speed, and return under water to the starting-point. All this the submarine torpedo boat "Holland" accomplished, the entire trip occupying twenty-five minutes forty-three seconds.

On several occasions the "Holland" remained under water for intervals of more than twenty minutes, and demonstrated her ability to respond to a summons, to sink beneath the surface, approach a ship, discharge a torpedo, wheel about in her course, and return to a place of safety, all within a space of considerably less than half an hour. Tests were made at depths of about twenty feet, the deepest obtainable in the bay. The "Holland" also proved her ability to remain submerged for the space of twenty-four hours. During this period, she had her crew of six men and the torpedo operator on board. In justice to the inventor of this craft, it is only right to record the fact that none of her crew were subjected to any danger of asphyxiation, or even to inconvenience, while they remained under water during this long period.

The "Holland" is fifty-three feet in length, and eleven feet in width. Her outer covering is strong steel plates, while she is pointed at the ends.

Although so small—for she is decidedly not a large boat—she carries about twenty tons of machinery and fittings. This apparatus consists of a fifty horsepower gasoline engine, which runs the propeller when the boat is on the surface of the water. The engine also charges the storage batteries with electricity. The storage battery, which is thoroughly insulated, is in a compartment amidships, while over this is the conning-tower, with steering gear, and under it the water-tank. The motive power for propelling the craft, while under water, is electrical, for the simple reason that the gasoline engine would vitiate the air inside the vessel.

In the bow of the boat is an underwater discharge-tube, for launching Whiteheads. In addition to this, she is also equipped with two other discharge-



THE U.S. SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "HOLLAND" CRUISING ON THE SURFACE

tubes, for firing torpedoes. The forward tube is called the "Aerial Torpedo Gun," and the other, situated in the stern of the boat, the "Dynamite Gun." It is stated that the first can throw a 100-pound gun-cotton shell a distance of three-quarters of a mile; while the latter has driven a shell through water, with wonderful accuracy, for a distance of half a mile.

The act of diving, in the case of the "Holland," is accomplished by opening the air-chambers, in the lower part of the hull, and filling them with water, and, at the same time, setting a horizontal rudder so that the bow of the boat is projected downwards. With a load of nine tons of water in her chambers the boat will run along at a depth of five feet. She sinks lower with every pound of water taken in, and the maximum depth at which she can travel is 140 feet. The boat can be steered to the surface by the rudders, or sent flying to the top by emptying her water-tanks by means of powerful pumps. Should the boat ever get stuck in the mud, it should be able to blow itself loose by means of its compressed air. In fact, the "Holland" could never be sunk unless it was unfortunate enough to get pierced above the flooring.

On the surface, the "Holland" is capable of travelling a distance of fifteen hundred miles without renewing its supply of gasoline, and fifty knots under water without coming to the surface. She can carry enough compressed air in her tanks to supply a crew of six or eight men with fresh air for thirty hours or more. On the surface the "Holland" can maintain a speed of about ten knots an hour, while under water her speed is about six to eight knots.

Captain Lowe, of the United States Navy, in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, upon the tests to which the "Holland" was subjected, wrote the following laudable account of the behaviour of the boat. "Throughout the trial, the submergement could have been anything desired, but care was taken not to entirely submerge the flags and poles, because that would have rendered the vessel invisible to the Board. In real warfare these flags and poles would not be present at all, and the vessel would be invisible, even when lightly submerged. Throughout the trial, the air in the living spaces was entirely pure to breathe, being refreshed from the steering engines, and from that used in discharging the trimming-tanks."

"The 'Holland' is a successful and veritable submarine torpedo boat," continued the report, "capable of making a veritable attack upon an enemy, unseen and undetectable, and that, therefore, she is an engine of war of terrible potency, which the Government must necessarily adopt in its service."

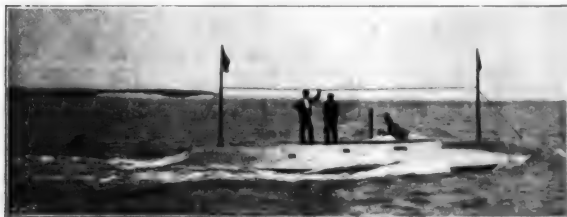
Much has been said as to what boats of the "Holland" type could do in case of war. Nothing is easier to the journalistic mind than to conjecture the possible damage which submarine torpedo boats could do, but nothing very definite can be said on this point until an actual test takes place. All said and done, however, such boats as the "Holland" should prove invaluable as a means of preventing an effective blockade of a harbour.

In an actual contest between a battleship and a craft of the "Holland" type, the course adopted by the latter would probably be as follows. She would partially submerge, only leaving her turret, or conning-tower, above water. In this position she would approach within about a mile of her antagonist. It is the opinion of naval authorities that the turret would not be detected at that distance. The little craft would now sink and then bob up again, for a second or two, within half a mile of the ship. If it was dark, it could even approach to within 200 yards of the vessel, and then discharge the deadly weapon. If the presence of the boat was detected, a dive should put it out of harm's way.

But the future of the submarine boat, from a naval standpoint, is not in its ability to attack, but rather in its efficiency as a means to protect harbours and coast defences. The knowledge that such vessels were employed to guard harbours would naturally keep an enemy's ships on the alert, and also at a respectful distance. Whether or not they could easily be rendered *hors de combat*, has not yet been seen. So far, it is interesting to note that many of our naval officers are of the opinion that, with the aid of the modern searchlight and quick-firing guns, such craft could easily be detected before it could approach sufficiently near to a war vessel to do it any harm. This explains the reason why the British Government has so far disregarded the claims of the submarine torpedo boat.

Now that the United States Government has added a submarine boat to its Navy, and remembering that France can already boast of twelve "submarines" in her Navy, and is adding more, it is the opinion, in some quarters, that our Government will probably reconsider the advisability of adding such craft to the British Navy.

It is interesting to note that the "Gustave Zédé," one of the submarine boats belonging to the French Government, can claim the distinction of being the largest submarine boat ever constructed. She is over 147 feet in length, has a diameter of eleven feet, and a displacement of 260 tons. Her motive power is electricity.



THE U.S. SUBMARINE TORPEDO BOAT "HOLLAND" PARTIALLY SUBMERGED

In the spring of 1899, the "Gustave Zédé" travelled nearly fifty miles under water. She torpedoed the ironclad "Magenta," and we may be pardoned for quoting an account of this incident given in the words of the Minister of Marine, M. Lockroy.

"The eyes of all on board were fixed on the sea. Officers and men stood watching the crest of the waves, and every minute there were exclamations as someone fancied he had seen the 'submarine.' We imagined we saw it everywhere, and it was nowhere. In point of fact, it was proceeding quietly, invisibly, towards its mark. The excitement of the crew was at fever-heat, at the thought of the tortures which the bravest men, the most self-possessed commanders, would suffer in the case of a real attack by this invisible adversary. Suddenly a precise and exact observation was made. The

cupola of the 'Gustave Zédé' had just appeared 400 yards away, still abreast of us, notwithstanding the distance which we had covered. Immediately orders were issued. The guns were brought to bear upon her, and the quick-firers depressed in her direction. The submarine was no longer there. She was hidden from our fire and from our view. A minute elapsed. Though orders were given to the engineers to put on steam, and the 'Magenta' had gone some considerable distance in the sixty seconds, the Admiral and I, leaning over the railing of the bridge, saw approaching us, with lightning speed, an elongated body, shining like gold. It was the torpedo of the 'Gustave Zédé.' It struck the ship about four yards below the water-line, and was smashed on the iron armour, but, if it had been charged, the 'Magenta' would have been sunk."





# A PERSIAN SHEPHERD

BY W. B. WALLACE, D.D.

Illustrated by H. L. SHANDLER.

**M**ANY centuries ago there lived at the base of the Elburz mountains, in the north of Persia, not far from where the gigantic volcanic peak of Demavend soars aloft to an altitude of nearly 20,000 feet, a shepherd named Arbaces.

Arbaces was poor, but he prided himself upon his descent from the royal stock of that famous Darius Hystaspes, as the Greeks called him, who was the first to organise the unwieldy body politic of the Persian Empire, and who, on the whole, certain conspicuous military failures notwithstanding, may perhaps be considered the greatest and wisest monarch, after the Hebrew Solomon, that Asia has ever produced.

Now, a lofty lineage is more frequently a curse than a blessing, when the possessor of the *sangre azul* has inherited nothing else of more marketable value from his ancestors, and is compelled to toil for his daily bread, like any ordinary plebeian.

When following his flock, Arbaces would often muse upon the ancient glories of the Achæmenids, and the comparatively recent achievements of the Arsacids; and while his sheep were busy, nibbling the scanty mountain herbage which Nature afforded

with niggard hand in those desolate and sterile regions, their master, although near them in the flesh, would in spirit be far away in the dreamland of glowing and gorgeous fancies, with kingly tiara upon his head and flashing scimitar in his hand, driving before him, not a score or two of lean and famished sheep, but hordes of vanquished foes.

But Arbaces, at times, dreamt other dreams.

He loved the fair Zulima; and Zulima, whom in his wild imaginations he glorified under the imperial title of Atossa, played an important part in all his visions. When, in fancy, he mounted the throne royal of Persia, and drained deep draughts of the sparkling juice of the grapes of Shiraz, or the clear pure water of the snow-fed Choaspes, Zulima was ever at his side, with queenly diadem on her brow, golden sandals on her tiny feet, and soft Serican vestments draping her graceful form—ever at his side, his beloved, his consort, the sharer in his joys, his victories, his triumphs.

Zulima was as poor, in worldly possessions, as her lover, but she was quite free from that spirit of unrest, discontent, and ambition which desolated his life. And she was rich in her youth and in her beauty. A true

Oread, the fresh mountain breezes had bestowed upon her the roses that bloomed upon her cheeks, and the hardy adventurous life of the mountains had given grace to her carriage, elasticity to her step, light to her eyes, and indomitable hope and energy and courage to her heart. Neither vision nor thought ever strayed beyond the boundaries of her native hills and valleys.

To be candid however, although she loved him dearly, Zulima was somewhat afraid of Arbaces; and this was the one sorrow of her gentle life. She feared him most when, with gloomy and preoccupied air, and seemingly unconscious or regardless of the fact that her tearful eyes were bent, half beseechingly, half reproachfully, upon him, he would stride away, without a word or caress, to bury himself in the gloomy fastnesses of Elburz.

It was in one of these dark rebellious moods that Arbaces, on a certain day, sought a pathless solitude amid the most desolate wastes of the mountains, where he began to utter aloud his complaints.

"Accursed is my fate," he cried. "Treble accursed be the day of my birth! Would that I had never seen the light of yon sun! Non-existence were surely preferable to a life like this—the life of a slave. I, the descendant of Darius, the Great King—I, who feel myself in heart and soul a monarch—I, forsooth, am condemned, by a cruel and mocking destiny, to tend a few sheep in the wilderness, to eat out mine heart, from youth to age, in vain repinings, to curse each day the planet that presided at my natal hour, to dream at intervals radiant dreams, only to wake to the realities of poverty and misery, and then, in my hopeless anguish, to call upon the frowning peaks to fall and crush this aspiring heart with all its futile longings.

"How often have I prayed to Demavend to send forth once more, as in the days of old, the devouring flames that circle at his heart, if haply they might bear me away on their seething torrent to that Nothingness which is the only haven that I can hope for.

Help from earth or man I need not expect. Oh, is there indeed no Power above or beneath to listen and save!"

While giving expression to these daring thoughts, Arbaces was sitting, in an attitude of deep dejection, on a rough fragment of stone, in his favourite resort, a natural amphitheatre, girdled by inaccessible mountains. The one entrance to this scene of desolation, which seemed like a trysting-place of the evil genii, was through a narrow pass, which could only be reached through tortuous defiles and by-paths which led the wayfarer along the edges of dizzy precipices where far beneath his feet, the screaming eagles circled round their eyries. It was, indeed, a region of savage gloom. A few patches of dry, coarse, matted grass dotted the expanse here and there, and a number of giant boulders, transported thither by the winter torrents, lay scattered over its surface, while round it on every side rose the black basaltic wall, which no foot of man might climb and no pinion of bird might cross. A congenial spot for dark and desperate spirits! A fitting stage for such soliloquies as that to which Arbaces had just given utterance!

The almost imperceptible sound of a slight movement behind him caused the despondent shepherd to turn, not, indeed, in alarm—for he knew not fear—but in extreme surprise.

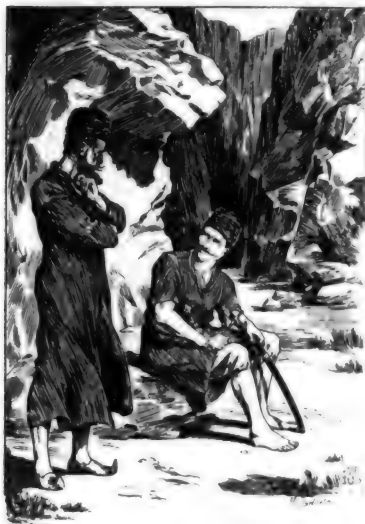
A tall, dark man, with keen, hungry, glittering eyes that seemed to scan the heart, and to pierce the soul as with cold, biting steel, stood close by his elbow.

"My son," said the stranger, regarding him steadfastly, "thou art sick at heart."

"Well hast thou guessed my malady, my father. But thou art a stranger, and——"

"Art thou sure, O Arbaces, that I am a stranger?"

Arbaces, viewing more attentively the weird figure before him, suddenly bethought him that twice or thrice lately, in his lonely wanderings, a shape resembling that of this mysterious personage had crossed his path. He remembered now that once, when overtaken by a tempest beneath Mount



"A TALL, DARK MAN, WITH  
KEEN, HUNGRY, GLITTERING  
EYES STOOD CLOSE BY HIS . . .  
ELBOW."

Demavend, he had seen what appeared to be a human form, standing alone upon an inaccessible peak, dark, silent and unmoved, while the deadly lightning leaped and flashed above, around, and beneath the pointed rocky pinnacle. Once, too, at evening, on the shores of a lonely tarn, and once before in that very amphitheatre, the same inscrutable presence had passed, scarcely heeded, before his dreamy eyes.

"Yes, I remember that I have seen thee ere now," said the shepherd slowly, "and ever at moments when my heart burned within me and my spirit chafed like a mountain lake that starts and quivers first, and then boils beneath the spirit of the tempest. Once, methought, I saw thee standing where no mortal foot hath ever trod, while the firmamental fires enwrapped thee like a garment."

An icy smile flitted across the sombre

features of the Unknown, as he said, "Verily, then, and at other seasons, have I been near, ever ready to help, hadst thou but craved for succour. That thou hast never done, although mine ear hath been attentive to mark thy lightest word. To-day, for the first time, hath thy proud spirit been bent to sue to the Immortals."

Arbaces started from his rocky seat, and, raising himself to the full height of his lofty stature, abruptly faced his subtle interlocutor.

"Who and what art thou?" he cried.

"One who is able to accomplish the dearest wishes of thy secret heart," calmly responded the stranger.

Arbaces was silent in amazement.

"Young man," he continued, "thou art an Achæmenid, masquerading in shepherd's weeds. Gladly wouldest thou fling away the peaceful crook to grasp spear and falchion first, and then



royal crown and sceptre by their means; fain wouldest thou revive the ancient glories and conquests of the Medes and Persians; and then wouldest thou place thy fair Zulima upon the throne of the prostrate East. All this wouldest thou do, and an aspiring soul whispereth within thee that all this thou mightest do wert thou not hemmed in by the brazen walls of necessity, obscurity and poverty, which cramp and confine thy spirit as these frowning basaltic precipices do the amphitheatre in which we stand. Well, I say unto thee, Arbaces, that I am able to level these brazen walls with the breath of my mouth, to set thee free, to place thy feet upon the path of conquest, to crown thee monarch of Asia, to make of thee a Persian Alexander, and of thy Zulima an Atossa indeed."

While the stranger spoke his dark-robed form seemed to dilate, his voice was as the voice of the torrent, and in his eyes shone the lightnings of Demavend; but for all this the haughty descendant of Darius quailed not.

"What wouldest thou in return for all these glories?" was all he said.

"Follow me, and thou shalt learn," replied the Unknown.

Arbaces rapidly revolved the situation. He was a man of matchless strength and vigour. Danger he feared not, and death itself he had already braved more than once. He had not blenched then. Why should he do so now? This adventure, terminate as it might, was at least a change in the blank monotony of his existence. If the stranger's promises were realised, he would emerge at one bound from the dark depths of obscurity into the light of fame. At the worst he could but die.

And so his resolution was taken.

Looking straight into the dark visage before him, he fearlessly said, "Whoever thou art, I follow thee. I dread nothing; I dare all things."

Again those lurid eyes emitted an instantaneous flash, even as the flint does when "much enforced," but the emotion thus betokened, whether it arose from surprise or contempt, quickly passed away, and he preceded Arbaces in silence.

They emerged from the amphitheatre,

and presently entered upon a devious and rugged track, which, well as he thought he knew the recesses of the Elburz, Arbaces was utterly ignorant of. His companion, with swift, gliding motion, and no apparent effort, led the way over the débris of fallen rocks, along the brink of yawning chasms, where a slip meant instantaneous destruction, over the myriad obstacles which Nature seems to strew in the way of those rash intruders who would surprise her in her secret haunts. Had not the shepherd's foot been swift and sure as that of the mountain goat; had not his brain been clear and his courage high, he would assuredly have fallen a victim to one or other of the dangers of the aerial path, and have afforded a meal to the hungry vultures that kept whirling in wide gyrations above his head, apparently anticipating such an eventuality. As for aid, his guide proffered him none, and he would have scorned either to ask or accept it.

After about an hour's progress through these perils, the way gradually widened, and at last conducted them to the outskirts of a gloomy forest of gigantic pines.

Still following upon the rapid footsteps of his guide, Arbaces boldly struck into these savage wilds. His course was now easier. He had beneath him the fallen pine cones, which from their abundance seemed to have accumulated there from time immemorial; and although the free currents of the mountain air no longer beat upon his temples, he felt cheered and invigorated by the strong balsamic odour diffused by the mighty boles around him.

Upon first entering this wood he had noticed an obscure and distant sound of a monotonous character. As he advanced this sound grew more distinct, and he at last perceived that it was caused by the rush and fall of waters. At every onward step this hoarse thunder grew louder and louder, till at last the tall figure and flowing black caftan of the stranger became stationary, and Arbaces, hurrying up, rejoined him.

"Thou art indeed worthy of Susa, Ecbatana, and all the hidden treasures of Istakhar," cried the latter. "Few are the mortals who could have kept

pace with my footsteps upon the mountains of Elburz."

"And none of mortal mould," returned the shepherd, "could have outstripped Arbaces as thou hast done amid the fastnesses where first he saw the light. Again I ask, who and what art thou?"

For answer the other gazed at him with a weird and awful smile.

"Like a countryman of the great Cyrus thou hast spoke sooth, Arbaces; like an impetuous youth, thou hast questioned rashly. Who and what am I? Wouldest thou indeed know?"

"Yea; I had not followed thee else," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Cease thy dark sayings. Some proof I have given thee that I am no craven; and more are forthcoming if need be. Do thou give some token of thy vaunted might as well as of thy agility. Help me, if thou hast the power, whoever and whatever thou art."

The Unknown folded his arms upon his breast and kept silence for a brief space, as though pondering the shepherd's words, while Arbaces, assuming an air of indifference, turned aside and looked forth upon a scene which presented a complete contrast to his usual surroundings.

pool, which, he fancied, emitted, from time to time, bubbles and even tongues of gloomy flame.

The general effect of all that he saw in this strange spot was depressing in the extreme. The secret agencies of nature seemed to have conspired together to produce a picture calculated to strike the mind of the observer with awe and fill it with despondency, by means of its shifting and terrific chiaroscuro. All that was soft, gentle, simple, touching, or capable of inspiring hope or evoking tender memories was banished. Here were no jewelled cups of Flora, here came no tawny bees, here carolled no joyous birds, here glowed no golden haze. In the background rose the funereal, shadowy pines; in the foreground the suicidal torrent rushed to its doom in the pool, black as the fabled Waters of Oblivion over which was poised the crag with its spectral tree; all around were gloomy rocks of fantastic and horrible shapes, like monsters turned into stone; and lastly—fit music for such an orchestra—there soared to the leaden skies in awful pæan the ceaseless, threatening, thunderous roar of many waters.

But the stranger's pause was but brief. Slowly descending from the rock by a zigzag path which led to the edge

where the atmosphere was a compound of noxious and mephitic gases, hot, loathsome, and overpowering, and where, ever and anon, the foot slipped upon the slimy pavement or stumbled against some opposing fragment of stone. In these sepulchral regions the visual sense was useless, and the hand continually encountered cold, noisome, nameless creatures of the darkness, which with their silent writhings and frantic struggles to escape thrilled their involuntary captor to the bone. Undeterred, however, by these manifold horrors, the brave mountaineer held on his desperate course, through the foul obscurity. Sometimes he fancied that he could hear the rustle of his guide's flowing garments, but of this he was not certain. Fortunate was it for him that no side galleries branched off from the infernal tunnel, or he must inevitably have lost his way. He noticed that the path trended gradually downwards, and that the feverish throbbing of his temples and the difficulty in respiration increased at every step.

At last, after a period of agony which seemed to him as long as the weary æons to lost souls in the halls of Eblis, he descried a light in the distance, dusky-red as the moon when she slowly rises over the fens through banks of fog and marsh-vapours. This sufficed to rouse his flagging energies. Larger and brighter glowed the ruddy beams, wider and loftier grew the corridor, and faster and ever faster sped Arbaces. Ere long he had reached the source of the ruby beams which had guided his wandering steps.

The Unknown received him beneath a Cyclopean arch, through which had streamed the beckoning radiance.

"Well hast thou stood the ordeal of valour, O Arbaces!" he said, "both on mountain heights and in subterranean ways. And now welcome to the abode of Manes."

Briefly acknowledging these greetings, Arbaces glanced around him with a bewildered air. Accustomed, alone, to the rugged, the terrible, and the majestic in Nature, he was a stranger to the magic devices of art and the costly luxuries of civilisation. His dreams

of conquest, and its golden fruits of splendour, had been vague, and had their foundation in old traditions of the glories of the Persian kings—not, of course, in any actual experience of the pomp and magnificence which the conquerors of the earth can command. Such knowledge had hitherto lain far beyond the grasp of the shepherd of the Elburz. But now a revelation had come.

He found himself standing in a spacious hall, to which, looking into the dim perspective, he could discern no limits. Supernatural art and force had evidently hewn it out of the stony bowels of the earth, as similar agencies had wrought the mighty Domdaniel caves beneath the roots of the hoary ocean. High up above his head he saw the groined and interlacing arches of the black basaltic roof; while a continuous rumbling sound, as of muffled thunder or falling water, similar to that which he had heard in the pine forest, suggested the idea that he was actually beneath some vast and turbid volume of water. This sound, awful at first, but to which the ear in time became accustomed,—like the plash of a fountain, which deepens rather than disturbs the slumber of the wayfarer who rests by its side—lent its aid, with the other accessories of this wondrous palace, to lull the senses into a delicious lethargy.

The ground was covered with carpets richer than any that the patient Hindu has ever produced, and of hues brighter, warmer, and more diversified than those wherewith Spring paints the meadows, when in her most prodigal mood. Just in front of Arbaces a balas ruby, large as a roc's egg—the source and origin of the red light which had directed him in the latter portion of his pilgrimage—hung suspended from the roof by golden chains, and flooded the hall with its rays of vivid crimson, slightly tinged with orange; while the atmosphere was impregnated with the subtle odour of ambergris, whose vapour arse from jewelled censers disposed along the walls, which were draped with hangings of red silk, embroidered with gold and gems.

Beneath the immense ruby which

illuminated the subterranean palace was a large rectangular slab, consisting of polished black marble, supported at the corners by four kneeling Ethiopians, who formed, as it were, the props of this strange altar—whether living and breathing men or wonderfully realistic counterfeits of life, Arbaces could not discern. On the slab there lay a complete suit of glittering armour, richly damascened, a tiara blazing with diamonds, and other gems of apparently inestimable value, a falchion whose hilt was composed of a single smaragdus, and whose golden scabbard was covered with inscriptions in mystic characters, and, beside this dazzling heap, a parchment roll.

The eyes of Arbaces sparkled with joy when he beheld the warlike gear; but a yet more wondrous sight quickly overcame the attraction of this potent loadstone. Drawn up on each side of the magnificent but sombre hall, upon pedestals of gold, stood, like sentinels on guard, images of kings, chieftains, and warriors, gloriously arrayed in the costumes and bearing the native arms of Assyria, Media, Persia, Armenia, and other ancient and famous lands of the Orient. The sculptor's efforts had in every case been crowned with such startling success that the figures seemed—as has been said of the statues of Phidias and Michael Angelo—actually to live and breathe!

Alas! the life which the Master had given them, to judge from the awful woe stereotyped upon their faces, was one of mute but terrible agony, and their attitude was uniform and typical of some dire mystery; each effigy bore in uplifted right hand a fearfully realistic presentment of a throbbing, pulsating human heart—fearfully realistic indeed, with the exception of the following points of divergence. The important organ in question is, as anatomy knows it, opaque; these were transparent. Moreover, our hearts are only metaphorically described, in common parlance, as being *inflamed* with the various passions of love, hatred, revenge, and ambition, with which, in their useful but prosaic capacity of mere force-pumps, they have in reality nothing whatever to do; but these beating, palpitating, diaphanous

hearts were literally so many miniature founts of fire, and continually emitted sparks of that vivid flame which ever enwrapped but failed to consume them.

These awful motionless forms—whose splendid raiment served only to accentuate the hopeless misery of their aspect—actually wearing on face and limb the tints of life itself, and each sustaining in lieu of torch, a flaming heart, had, as we have said, irresistibly chained the attention of Arbaces; but what was the horror which invaded even his stout breast when he noticed that all those terrible stony eyes were fixed upon him—some in sadness and pity, some in wrath, some in bitter and contemptuous derision; yes, fixed upon him for an instant, and then as rapidly turned, drawing his captivated eyes along with them, with grim and unmistakable meaning, to a gap in their ranks where stood a still empty pedestal!

Although it has taken us long to describe all this, it will be readily understood that the mind of Arbaces—observant, receptive, and acute, although untutored—had grasped the details of the impressive but ghastly spectacle before him in the brief pause which had ensued after the welcome given him by the extraordinary being who had announced himself under the name of Manes.

"What thinkest thou of my Hall of Imagery, O Arbaces?" enquired Manes, whose malignant and searching eyes had never left the countenance of the young man from the very first moment of his entrance.

"Of a truth, O Manes, these images are very majestic, and would seem to be those of the mighty ones of the earth."

"Rightly hast thou guessed. Here stand the kings and conquerors of the world from time immemorial. Assyria, Babylonia, Media, Persia, and even older empires have all their representatives in the Hall of Manes. They were my friends, and the vassals of the formidable Master whom I serve."

"Thy Master, I ween, is One whose name the earth trembleth to hear," said Arbaces. "But wherefore are the countenances of all darkened with such ineffable misery?"

"These effigies," replied Manes, with

a sneer, which he was unable to conceal, "are true to life. All these men have lived the life of conquerors: they have led their fellows, sometimes driven them, even as thou drivest thy sheep from pasture to pasture. Thou knowest not yet, my son, but thou shalt surely one day know that the possession of unlimited power, and the consequent sense of responsibility, aye engender sorrow of heart, and that the sceptre of royalty and the smile of beauty cannot exorcise the worm that gnaweth the heart of man."

"Talkest thou of hearts?" hastily rejoined Arbaces. "Strange it is, methinks, that these should bear in their right hands the likenesses of human hearts, encircled by and vomiting forth fire!"

"Marvel not at that, Arbaces"—and the tone of the speaker chilled the hearer's soul—" 'tis but a beautiful symbol. These treasured images bear hearts in their hands to signify that they had and have no secrets hidden from my Master and myself; and the flames—the flames are merely eloquent of the burning love and adoration which they felt, and still feel, for us, their benefactors."

Arbaces, happening to look up at the moment, saw with consternation the eyes of the dread sentinels of the place of enchantment glaring upon Manes with a fearful expression of deadly and impotent hatred, which strangely belied his statement.

"And now, O Arbaces," continued Manes, who, noticing the incredulous glance and clouded brow of the young shepherd, appeared anxious to divert him from his thoughts and turn the conversation into another channel, "prepare for thy lofty destiny, and come hither." So saying, he led the way to the altar-slab, which we have already described.

Laying his hand on the dazzling panoply, surmounted by the kingly diadem, and addressing Arbaces, he cried in thrilling accents, "Here, here lieth the fulfilment of thy dreams. Here be weapons forged by immortal hands. Handle this sword, tempered and tried in subterranean fires. Behold the lofty tiara of universal sovereignty, the gift of Ahriman himself. No blade of Damas-

cus may pierce this panoply; no shield, no corselet, no Roman cataphract, no armour fashioned on earth may resist the trenchant force of that magic falchion. With these shalt thou drive the aliens before thee, as now thy drivest thy timid flock through the ravines of Elburz. And then shalt thou bind upon thy brow the glorious symbol of world-wide dominion, and Zulima shall sit at thy footstool."

"And are all these mine?" enquired Arbaces.

"Yea," replied Manes, in eager tones; "sign but this roll acknowledging thyself true vassal of my Master, and kneel in homage to me as his Minister. All these, whose images thou seest, have done so before thee."

"Ahriman, the Power of Evil, the Prince of Darkness, is thy Master? And thou—?"

"Mortal, I am Manes, the Spirit of Demavend. With other lofty intelligences—whom men call genii—I serve the august Ahriman, the Power of Evil and the Prince of Darkness, as thou sayest, but co-equal and co-existent with Yezad, and holding with him divided sway over the universe. Under him I rule these mountain caves and fastnesses, and the deep eternal fires of Demavend. Your Yezad is a distant god, but Ahriman is ever near, and to him especially the kingdoms of the earth belong. He assigneth them unto thee. Write, and do obeisance, thou fortunate youth. Glory and riches and honour and power are thine—till thou art weary of them. Then shalt thou come and rest with me for ever in this, my Hall of Imagery."

So spake the juggling Spirit, little guessing with what manner of man he had to deal.

Arbaces sprang back from the altar and boldly confronted the Spirit of Demavend, while his eyes flashed with the indignation which he had long restrained.

"Surely thou errest, false Spirit," he cried: "thou speakest not to a cringing Greek of Byzantium, whose supple knees will bend this way and that if he but scent lucre. I am a Persian, free as the air of these mountains. Neither to thee nor to Ahriman do I bow. So

much for homage! And next, O Manes, Lord of Demavend, I would thank thee for the service which thou hast unwittingly rendered me. Much have I learned within this, thy Hall of Imagery—enough to prevent me from ever joining the ranks of thy victims here," glancing at the long lines of living statues. "Truly the sheen of yon diadem and the splendour of the shield and hauberk are pleasant in mine eyes, and fain would I carve with yonder magic glaive a way to honour and renown. But even these treasures may be too dearly bought. How should it profit me to rule the earth for a season, and then adorn these accursed Halls for ever, a living image of wrath, bearing mine own heart, enveloped in penal flames, in the right hand of mine iniquity. Grievously have I sinned in the past, but henceforth I forswear the vain dreams that have left me a prey to thy deadly temptations."

A mocking laugh burst from Manes.

"Hear me, O Yezad!" continued the young man, with impassioned voice, his eyes uplifted to the vault of the infernal chamber. "If thou wilt but deliver me from the snare of the fowler, I swear never again to vex thy heavens with the impious cries of discontent, but rather bow before thy dispensations here in all humility, and with the hope that those glories which earth denieth me may yet be mine beyond the earth, beyond the sun, beyond the stars, where thou reignest."

Scarce had these thrilling words been uttered when the dark caftan fell from Manes. Awful, but indistinct, and apparently clad in black armour, the form of the djin, mighty as that of Azazel, towered to the lofty roof. His baleful eyes, twin comets of destruction, glared upon Arbaces.

"Fool!" he thundered, "back to thy sheep!"

So saying he poised a shadowy javelin, as if to transfix the fearless shepherd.

With a roar as of many waters in his ears—with light, blinding and intolerable, in his eyes, Arbaces was hurled to the ground by a merciless and irresistible force.

\* \* \* \*



"THE FORM OF THE DJIN, MIGHTY AS THAT OF AZAZEL, TOWERED TO THE LOFTY ROOF"

When the shepherd recovered his senses, he found himself, to his intense relief and surprise, in his old retreat, the sandy amphitheatre, close by the rock where he had so often sat in discontented reverie. His head was pillowed upon the bosom of Zulima, who, alarmed by his long absence, had braved the perils of the mountain way, and found her lover in a state of unconsciousness—and her tender eyes were the first sight he beheld as he slowly woke to thought and life once more.

"Love and contentment are better than ambition," was the rather trite sentiment which found its way from the heart to the tongue of Arbaces, as he descended to the valley with Zulima.

It was endorsed—and yet not verbally—by the lips of his happy companion.

## NETLEY ABBEY

WRITTEN

BY

SARAH CATHERINE BUDD

AND

ILLUSTRATED

BY

HOSPITAL

PHOTOGRAPHS



HE grey ruins of Netley Abbey are exceedingly beautiful, covered, as they are, with luxuriant foliage of all kinds, and surrounded by stately trees. It has been well said of Netley that "the living mantle of Nature is spread over the ruins of Art, and moss and minute ferns triumph over him who fretted the roof and modelled the pillars."

Horace Walpole, in speaking of the ruins of Netley Abbey, says, "On each side breaks in the view of Southampton Water, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels—on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise."

Netley, as I have said, is about two miles from Southampton, easily reached by land or sea. It is the finest monastic ruin in the South of England. Centuries ago it stood in all its stately grandeur, while the bright waters of the Solent were then a highway for smugglers and pirates.

Now the Abbey is silent, and in ruins, and the sparkling waters carry proud ships and yachts and foreign vessels peacefully on their surface; and on the shores of the Solent our Queen's favourite home is to be seen.

It is thought that Netley Abbey was projected—as well as the Priory at Selborne—by Peter de Rupibus, who was made Bishop of Winchester in 1204, and held that See until his death in 1233.

Rupibus was a Frenchman, and a soldier of fortune in his early days, and, by his influence with King John, he was able to promote some of his own

countrymen to places of emolument. For this he was cordially hated by the English, especially as he recommended that heavy tax upon the Barons which led to the signing of Magna Charta at Runnymede.

He retained his influence over Henry III., whose instructor he had been, but his intrigues led to his voluntary exile in 1227, and then remorse seized him, and he went off to the Holy Land, thinking to make amends for his misdeeds. But when remorse has fastened itself upon a man he can scarcely ever shake off the burden. He goes to bed, and gets up with the sting ever in his heart.

Rupibus returned in 1231, and, as a last expiatory measure, he became a zealous founder of monastic establishments, and, among the rest, he suggested the Abbey of Netley.

This Abbey was founded in 1239 by Henry III., for the rigid order of Cistercian monks. The first monks came from Beaulieu Abbey, which had grown exceedingly wealthy and influential.

Netley Abbey is in the Early English style of architecture, and was built of Caen and Purbeck stone. The slender shafts of the chapter-house and brackets were of polished Purbeck marble, but these lovely relics have been mostly removed, to grace private mantel shelves.

Among the ruins are various traces of apartments, and the great area in front is called the Fountain Court.

Opposite the entrance is the south wall of the Church, through which are seen the apertures of the windows, almost concealed by ivy.

The west window is very imposing, and the beautiful east window is con-



WEST

WINDOW,

NETLEY

ABBAY

sidered one of the finest specimens of Early English art in the kingdom.

A moat formerly surrounded Netley Abbey, traces of which can plainly be seen on the south side. There is also a subterranean passage leading to the fish ponds.

A curious cavity can also be observed in one of the walls, and tradition tells us that once a poor man dreamed time after time in the dead hours of the night that a treasure was to be discovered at Netley, where there was a certain mark on the wall. We all know that in the solemn watches of the night human life is always at the lowest ebb, and superstitious fears are all on the alert. Dreaming the same dreams so many times, the man came to the conclusion that the task of finding the treasure was laid upon him, and the story goes on to say that the poor man did find the gold, but that his master carried off the spoil.

Whether this be true or false, none can now say, but to every passer-by the cavity in the wall is still visible, but it keeps its own counsel.

In the year 1242, Roger de Clare bestowed some lands upon Netley Abbey, and his successor, the violent John de Warrenne, also bestowed many and considerable gifts. It will be remembered that this was the man who, on being asked by the King's Commis-

sioners to produce his title to the estates, he unsheathed an old sword, saying, "Tell the King that by this sword I hold my lands, and by the same I mean to defend them."

Warrenne's deeds were bloody and violent, and very probably his gifts to Netley were by way of atonement.

Little is known of Netley Abbey during the three hundred years it was inhabited by the monks, but still enough to show that the monks at Netley fell into the same dreadful abuses with those described by William of Wykeham concerning the brethren of the priory of Selborne. They were all tottering to their fall.

In 1537, there came a dissolution of monasteries and religious houses by Henry VIII., and, of course, Netley was included.

We are told that Henry took possession of 644 convents, 90 colleges, 2,374 chantries and free chapels, and 110 hospitals, which were all annexed to the Crown.

Burnet says the annual value of this property was something over a million and a quarter pounds sterling, besides a large quantity of plate and jewels.

In order to please the people, it was given out that this measure would result in relieving the people from taxes and services of all kinds, and that an army



of 40,000 men should be maintained; also a better provision should be made for the poor, and for the preaching of the Protestant religion.

Strype says, "*None of this came to pass,*" and only £8,000 of the enormous income was given to help to endow the six new bishoprics of Westminster, Oxford, Peterborough, Bristol, Chester, and Gloucester.

There was a very curious old prayer book in use at Netley Abbey at the time of its dissolution, and, indeed, used by the other English Monasteries.

It was called the "Festival," and was printed last in 1532.

First, readers were earnestly exhorted to pray both for the living and the dead, especially for those who had given anything to the Church.

Those who go to hear High Mass are promised that they shall never lose their eye-sight, nor die a sudden death.

The worst and most terrible thing about the book—and to which the reformers so strongly objected—was the awful curse, to be pronounced four times a year by the Bishop. He was clothed in white—with uplifted cross, and candle burning, he stood in the pulpit and delivered his anathema. "By the authority of God, the Father Almighty, and the blessed Virgin Mary, and all the saints, we anathematize and deliver over to the devil—here follows a long list of the accused, and it winds up with these fearful words: "To the devil we condemn them, and in the pains of hell-fire we extinguish their souls—even as this candle is extinguished."

Here the Bishop always rang the bell and put out the light.

No wonder people were in abject terror of such a religion and of such a curse.

\*     \*     \*

Netley Hospital lies about a mile from the ruined Abbey, and is a grand military structure.

The foundation stone was laid by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the 19th of May, 1856.

This fine Hospital is built on the corridor plan, and consists of a large number of buildings, a portion of which is devoted to a school for Medical Officers of the Army.

According to Mr. Hinton Jones, this is one of the longest buildings in England, being 1,424 feet, or, in other words, a quarter of a mile in length, and, he adds, "besides three of the longest buildings in Russia, there are very few edifices in the world which can challenge comparison with it in this respect."

It is 50 feet high, and the central part projects about 120 feet from the main building.

The long building in front consists of wards, each large enough for nine or twelve patients, with opposite windows looking, on one side, into the corridor.

Netley Hospital is built on the banks of the Southampton water, forty-five feet above sea level.

On each floor of the Hospital there is a corridor running the whole length of the building, so that the patients, when convalescent, can take, on each floor, a walk of a quarter of a mile in length.

A view of this long, long corridor, once seen can never be forgotten, it lingers in the memory, and is associated with thoughts of our beloved Queen, who has often visited the Hospital to see her sick soldiers. She is, indeed, a "mother of the nation," and knows how to treat the men who go to fight for their country.

In this respect, she is unlike some of her subjects, who calmly sit by their firesides and say, "Let our soldiers fight, war is inevitable," and yet when they meet "Tommy Atkins" in close quarters they give him the cold shoulder. They forget the bloody battle-fields, where the soldiers have given their lives for their country, and lie with white, dead faces staring up into the sky, and they forget the wail of the widows and orphans.

Not so our beloved Queen. Her visits to the Hospital are always hailed with great delight by the poor sufferers, and more especially by the wounded from South Africa. Lately, she has been wheeled through the wards, and by the side of the sick beds, and she is so sweet and gracious to her men that every eye brightens at her approach, and every heart says "God bless her."

Principal Tulloch used to say there was

SOUTH

WALL,

NETLEY

ABBAY



something very fascinating and charming in the Queen, and she conversed simply as friend with friend.

To the thoughtful mind, there is a very interesting contrast between the grey ruined abbey—fair as a poet's dream—and its neighbour, Netley Hospital, standing in its fine strength and usefulness, a blessing to all around.

Then contrast the good which Netley Hospital has already done, and the great work which it is destined to do, with the rottenness of the Abbey and its religions. The Abbey had the elements of decay within itself, and was bound to go to pieces without even a Henry VIII.

In the Hospital, it is true, life is a serious thing.

There sickness and death are fought inch by inch.

In the great wards there is, indeed, much human suffering.

Groans which cannot be suppressed, horrible wounds which can never be healed, eyes that must soon close in death.

But then there is a brighter picture. There are poor fellows growing well who could never have experienced the love and care elsewhere, which has been bestowed upon them at Netley.

You see the colour coming slowly back to the cheek, and brightness to the eyes. They will soon be restored to their families, and take up their honourable share of life's work again.

And then the nurses, the tender patient women, who minister to the sick and dying.

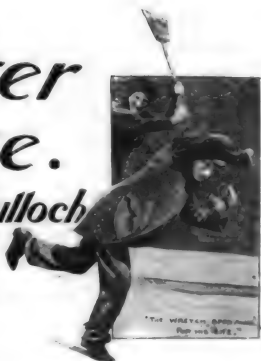
There has, indeed, been a revolution with regard to woman in our day. Almost everything is now opened up to her, and the only danger lies in the sweet bloom of womanhood being rubbed off in the rough contact with the world.

I very earnestly say, let women have the widest and fullest scope for mind and body to develop, but never let her lose her soft feminine traits, and never, never let her forget that she shines fairest and brightest in the sweet sanctity and shelter of her home.

# *A Master Stroke.*

*By Janet A. McCulloch*

*Illustrated by  
E. Fairhurst.*



**T**HE great gates of the Iron-works had opened. The men on day-duty were leaving; the night-shift ones were coming in. The manager came out into the darkening street, a look of harassment upon his face, his brow frowning. For the first time since he left his native Scotland, he had been confronted by the real nature of the men he had under him—a very different class to those he had been used to at home. The Scots workman, when roused to anger, can be brutal enough, but he is mild compared to his English brother. Graham Laurie knew this, for sedition of some sort had raised its wicked head, and he was called upon to face and quell it at all hazards. He was not unpopular himself, but he served masters whose hardness to their workers was well known in Halston, and he was already aware that the Brothers Pinsett bore no reputation for kindness or consideration.

He had warned them of the discontent, but had been unheeded. Even now he was on his way to the grand mansion to make one more appeal for a slight advance in wages, though he feared it was an appeal doomed to

failure. He could not act on his own responsibility, and though the men knew it, they yet resented his conciliating manner and attitude towards them. They had passed either sullenly or whispering, in little groups, and "Big Bolton," their acknowledged leader, had scowled savagely.

"He means mischief to me personally," muttered Laurie; but he squared his broad shoulders, and strode resolutely on into the October dusk.

"Measter, can I speak a word?" The voice close to him startled Graham. A slight, girlish figure had darted from a dark entry, and was at his elbow.

"It's about what ye're thinkin', on," the cautious voice proceeded. "I mean ye only good, measter. I'm Cissy Floyd."

Graham stopped. Who Cissy Floyd was he had no idea, but the earnest voice told him she meant well, whoever she was.

"What is it?" he asked, his tone low as her own.

"Follow me. I canna tell it here. But don't look as ye are following," she answered, and turned quickly, preceding him a little in front.

Without hesitation or haste he followed. She led him through a maze of

mean streets and alleys, and, crossing a dirty court, opened a door. Then, timidly guiding him up a perfectly dark passage, he found himself in an immense warehouse smelling of musty leather, huge bales of which were stacked around. A candle burnt dimly in the gloom, and by its light he could see his conductress after she had bolted the heavy door. Her pale face was pretty, framed in dark auburn hair, and lit with great, sad, dark eyes, full of trouble.

"I'm Cissy Floyd," she repeated, shyly.

"Yes," he said, tentatively, and waited.

"Grandfather's in the works. I'm Joe Habisham's lass," she explained, and a light broke upon him.

"Oh, Habisham is your grandfather! I see now," he said, curtly. Habisham was Big Bolton's most active aider and abettor.

The girl flushed at his tone and quick frown.

"It's Bolton leads grandfather away. He would be all right but for Ned," she said, eagerly. Her speech was not broad. Evidently she was not a Halston girl.

"Well, what is it you wish to tell me?" he asked, rather impatiently. "I must go to Mettram to-night; I have no time to waste. Bolton and Habisham must either give in, or the strike must be announced. This trouble can't go on for ever."

The girl looked round fearfully. Laurie had raised his voice, and the echoes rumbled through the long passages between the packed bales. She drew nearer with a gesture of terrified warning, and grasped his arm as she whispered:

"It's no strike Bolton's after; it's *you*, measter. He wants to rouse the men to such hate for ye that they'll murder ye."

Graham Laurie's amazement scarcely allowed him to grasp the full meaning of the communication.

"Murder me!" he said, incredulously. "Why! what have I done, that Bolton should want my death?"

The girl's eyes suddenly flashed. They were fine eyes, and he found himself looking at them.

"You've done nought but what a gentleman would do, sir; but Bolton hates ye, and hate never failed to find a cause of quarrel yet," she answered.

"And you wished to warn me! It is indeed kind," he said, his eyes still reading hers. "How came you to hear of Bolton's design?"

She drew her breath hard; her cheeks blanched.

"I heard him telling grandfather. But oh, sir, ye manna blame grandfather. Bolton has him in his power, I ken, or the old man wouldna listen." She was much distressed, her voice faltered, her lips quivered.

Graham was thinking intently, with set mouth and bent brows.

"I can't understand it. I have never found fault with the men, or thwarted Bolton. His dislike of me must be simply national prejudice." He looked at Cissy for an answer, but her eyes were downcast, a faint flush rising on her pale cheeks.

"Can you tell me why Bolton hates me, and wishes me harm?" Laurie asked. "He must have a reason for such deadly enmity, though, on my soul, I know of none."

Cissy did not answer; she was listening intently. Her face had blanched, her eyes grown wild; her whole body seemed rigid with horror. Laurie could hear footsteps, but they were outside; the court seemed full of people. Suddenly his companion put her hand over his mouth, then began to drag him down a narrow passage between the piled-up leather.

"For your life," she whispered hoarsely, as she pushed him into a recess among fragments of leather and broken crates. "For God's sake keep still, sir! They're all there, and will murder you if you make a sound. They will think you've come to spy on them, and they'll kill me for bringing you."

He could not see her in the darkness, but he felt for her hand, and grasped it tightly.

"I'll die before I betray you," he said; and he heard her sob as she rushed away.

The heavy door was shaken violently, its iron bolts rattled in their sockets.



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HORROR"

He could hear the girl unbar them, and presently a trampling of feet and a volley of foul oaths told him that a number of men were in the warehouse.

"Why, wench, what brought ye here?" demanded an angry voice that he knew—Joe Habisham's.

He did not hear Cissy's answer; but there was a roar of coarse laughter.

"I kened it 'ud come to that, sooner or later. Hi! Cissy, lass?" another voice cried exultingly—Bolton's this time.

There was a scuffle, and a faint scream—a stifled cry of "Oh, grandfather!"

"Let the lass alone, ye fool," growled a third man—a young fellow who, from his cheerful, ruddy face had obtained the nick-name of "Cherry."

Laurie heard some angry oaths from Big Bolton, and the place grew suddenly lighter. By cautiously screwing himself farther into his nook, he discovered a chink in the back of his hiding-place, which was evidently a lumber closet of the big store-room,

and to his surprise he found himself within a few feet of about twenty of his own men, evidently met for secret deliberation over the contemplated strike.

Big Bolton and old Habisham sat together on a rude settle; the others stood or lounged against the bales. The girl was nowhere to be seen, though a flaring lamp made the whole place light.

"I tell ye, it's Measter Laurie keeps Pinsetts frae gie'n the advance," Bolton said doggedly. (He used the uncouth Lancashire dialect, which in Halston was of the broadest, but for our readers' sake we will not give his speech in the vernacular.) "But for him we'd get the advance, as Joe here can tell ye."

"It's true what Ned says. Measter Laurie's Scotch, an' disna' understaun' Lancashire folk or Lancashire ways," Habisham endorsed.

"He disna' want to understaun'" said Bolton.

"I think he does. An' I'll say this for him, mates, he's a kind-hearted

chap. Ye ken what he did for me when I were down with the fever?" Cherry spoke up, as he looked round upon his comrades' lowering faces.

"What's a shillin' or twa, gi'en to an auld wife now and then, compared wi' a regular 'lowance?" cried Bolton jeeringly.

"Measter Laurie has no power to gie an allowance. It were his own money as mother got." Cherry was getting as angry as Bolton, and the latter saw he had better shift his ground.

"He's been at Pinsett's twice this week, tellin' them to haud oot. Ye ken that, mates?" said he, with a magnificent ignoring of his opponent.

There was an assenting growl from all but Cherry. Graham's blood boiled at the deliberate lie Bolton had told. For a moment he felt like bursting out from his concealment, and taking the ruffian by the throat. But the remembrance of Cissy, her generous warning, her peril should he be discovered, restrained him, and presently he was listening to a long and bitter impeachment of himself, to which there was but one dissenting voice raised—Cherry's.

"I'm wi' all ye say, Ned, about better wages an' less time, but hang me if I'll say aught against the manager. It's no Measter Laurie that's to blame—its Hiram and Joshua Pinsett," he reiterated, and from this opinion he would not budge.

The discussion lasted long, but, beyond resolving to take instant action against the manager, nothing definite was agreed to. They were in hot argument when Cissy appeared, and approached old Joe.

"I've got the pipes and the beer, grandfather," she said timidly. "If you and Ned are ready, I'll wait for ye."

Bolton laughed uproariously, and tried to catch her, but she slipped behind Habisham.

"That's a good lass. We're near ready," said her grandfather, and the men drew together as if going. Graham fancied he saw Cissy glance at the corner where she knew he must be, but if she did, he read nothing in her look—it was still troubled, and her face was deadly pale, but she kept perfectly calm

outwardly. She neither started nor trembled when her grandfather said:

"We'll soon go home, lass. Ned has a bit o' work to see to in the store here after we're gone, he says."

The men trooped out; the heavy door clanged after them. The lamp still hung where Bolton had put it; in the silence Graham felt its light a comfort, for the place was bitterly cold. He began to wonder how Cissy would set him free, if Bolton was returning to the warehouse. And his thoughts slipped away from the burly villain to the girl who had evidently been going to tell him of the plot Bolton had laid for getting him out of the way. Why had she warned him, he wondered? He had never seen her before, yet somehow her face was not entirely strange. He had seldom thought of women since one fair face had been hidden under the coffin-lid ten years before. With a warm heart, hidden under a stern manner, Laurie at thirty-six fancied himself quite uninteresting to women of all ages and grades. Yet a girl from the lower strata of society must have noticed him in some degree. He had not vanity enough to believe it was for his good looks; there must be some better reason, he decided. He might find it out, if his life were not cut short by the malice of Bolton.

He was cramped and cold. Cissy did not return. He was almost on the point of stamping his feet to restore circulation, when a stealthy step approached. Bolton, with a bowl and jug in his hands, came into the space visible from the chink.

Glancing around in a covert, guilty manner, he unhooked the lamp, and disappeared round a corner, leaving Graham in complete darkness.

What was he doing there, with that look of secrecy, that watchful, guilty air? the manager wondered, as he strained his ears to catch the least sound. But all was still as death, save when a rat ran across the leather above his head, or squeaked in some distant corner. The time passed slowly. Bolton must have been absent a quarter of an hour, when once more he appeared. But was this slouching, shaky wretch the big, hulking man who



'GLANCING AROUND IN A COVERT,  
GUILTY MANNER.'

had passed before? Graham stared in horror when Bolton stood revealed. The great, beer-reddened face had patches of yellowish white upon it—the coarse skin could not become an equal pallor—making it ghastly. It made Graham sick to see it. Bolton hung up the lamp with a trembling hand, and leant against the wall, not a yard from the unsuspected spectator. He wiped the sweat from his blotched face; his black stubbly hair was actually bristling when he removed his cap.

"Lord! what a fool I be. It'll be all over afore mornin'—hours afore the men come. An' as for Cissy, if she ever gets to ken o't, she'll never dare to speak, once we're wed." He spoke as though unconscious of uttering his thoughts aloud, throwing up his head defiantly. But that awful look was still upon his face, he shook as with the ague, his teeth chattered.

He took from his pocket a candle-end, lighted it, and, extinguishing the lamp, retreated. But he staggered as he went, and fumbled awhile before he

managed to open the door. Its clang at last, however, told that he was really gone, and Laurie began to wonder if Cissy would come back, or if he must act for himself. He did not wonder long; he heard her light tread, and, as she relighted the lamp, went out to meet her. A glimpse of her face told him that she had also seen Bolton. She was deadly pale and trembling like an aspen. Graham caught her to prevent her falling.

"Oh, sir! come wi' me, for pity's sake!" she gasped. "I waited to let ye out. I was hidden, too, and saw Ned come back. He frightened me, his face were that terrible. Oh, measter! there's been murder or waur. Come wi' me, for the love of heaven."

There could be no resumption of their first topic of interest till this mystery was solved. Graham took the lamp, and Cissy ran on before him like a creature hunted by a visible terror. It was well that she had been nearer Bolton; had Laurie tried to explore alone he might never have discovered

the dread truth. Rounding another corner, the girl drew down a loose bale, revealing a narrow aperture, and, entering first, gave a great sobbing cry, as Graham, rising from his stooping posture, stood erect beside her, holding up the light.

Truly the sight that met their gaze was a piteous one—enough to move a heart of stone. On a filthy blanket, with scarcely sufficient clothing to cover its shrunken, skeleton-like little body, lay a child of about three years old, but so small, so wasted, it was no larger than one of twelve months. It lay perfectly still, its limbs thrown out in an unnatural pose, it might have been dead, but that now and then its features twitched oddly. Cissy threw herself on her knees, her tears falling in a hot rain upon the white little outstretched arms.

"Oh, measter! it's little Jacky;—it's Ned's own little lad, an' his mother died but three months agone. Ned said as he'd sent the child to its mother's folks in Manchester."

She had lifted the limp little hand, but it slipped from her own like a dead hand, and she burst into a fresh passion of tears. As she looked up at him, a swift remembrance darted through Graham's mind. He *had* seen her before, and with the memory many things were made clear. Some men, when a little light is accorded, can see into the very heart of a mystery, and Graham was one of these. But he made no sign. He bent over the child's mouth and raised one waxen eye-lid.

"Is he dead? Oh! is Jacky dead?" wailed Cissy, and he turned instantly at the cry.

"No, poor little fellow, but he's very near death, unless we are quick and snatch him back," he said.

"Cissy, can we take him anywhere where we can get hot water, and plenty of it, and a good fire and some brandy? He's been dosed with opium, but we may save him if we act at once. Where can we take him?"

She sprang up, eager, alert, at once, and snatched up the lamp.

"Home wi' me," she said, excitedly; "grandfather will drink wi' Ned till he

canna see, and he'll not come back till twelve or after."

Graham wrapped the child in the blanket with gentle hands, lifted the light burden and signed to her to lead the way. And with her own key she let him out into the deserted court.

"That's an auld place folks are at law about. Grandfather looks after it a bit. He let Ned take the men there. But who'd a thought Ned would hide his lad there, to murder him?" she remarked with a shudder as they sped on to old Habisham's house.

An hour later Graham sat with the revived child cradled in his strong arms, listening to Cissy's eager warning about his own affairs.

"They're to settle it at the meeting morn's night; I heard Ned whisper to grandfather," she told him, "and Cherry's to be kept out if they can keep him. Cherry will let no harm be done that he knows of. He's a good chap. What will ye do, sir?"

She asked the question wistfully. Graham's quiet, preoccupied manner puzzled her. He looked up.

"About Jacky? Oh! I've settled that. I shall look after him, his brute of a father will never have him again. I'm going to take him with me now. But, Cissy, will you lend me your grandfather's key? I will need to go back to the leather store to-morrow, you know."

He spoke as though she would see how reasonable was his request. But she took alarm at once.

"Oh, measter! ye'll not go when the men are there? Ned will set them on ye for sure," she cried, with her clasped hands imploring him. He smiled grimly, but hastened to reassure her.

"I *must* go, but it will be before the men go there. Don't be afraid, Cissy. I will run no risk from Ned's hatred," he said. And the girl decided that he was going back on account of the child, probably to show the Halston Inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. where he had found Jacky.

As she gave him the key he rose, gathering the restored and now sleeping child closely to him.

"Remember, Cissy, never a word about Jacky to a single soul. I'll see



you and tell you all to-morrow some time," he said, and she kissed the child and nodded as she let him out, watching him until he turned out of the court.

"Eh, but he's good; God keep him safe frae Ned," she murmured, as she closed the door.

And Graham, striding away through the mean, dark streets, was thinking, too, but his thoughts were neither of his own danger nor of Cissy.

Next day passed as usual. With dawn Graham had paid his deferred visit to Mettram, but its result was unknown to all but himself, for neither of the partners visited the works that day. Graham was as cool as ever, vigilant of eye, calm in speech.

"He'll sing another song soon, I'm thinkin'," Bolton muttered in a comrade's ear, and the man smiled sourly.

The manager left early, his subordinate foreman could see the relays of workers changed. When darkness fell knots of men were making their way to the rendezvous, Big Bolton one of the first. The big rough had regained all his wonted assurance. All the men who had been present the previous night had turned up, and, despite his recent protest, Cherry was also there. Under the flaring lamp Bolton and Habisham sat on their settle, and, when all were assembled, the leader proceeded to address them. The smoky light cast a lurid glare on his coarse face and the lowering brows of his audience.

"The thing's got to be settled now, chaps, afore we part. The manager has done naught to get us our rights—he's kept the measters frae coming to the works this day. He's done for himself, for sure, and what he'll get is but his due. Mates, I've made it easy; the job can come back on none o' us the way I've settled it."

He took a handful of papers from his pocket, small folded squares, and held them out on his broad palm.

"Look, there's a bit for each o' us; they're all alike, but one of them has a black spot inside. The man that gets the spot maun do the job. But *who* gets it or how he does the business, none o' us need know; and when the

peelers are down on us for it, why, none o' us can be nabbed, an' none o' us can split on a chum. Now, I'll shake the papers in my hat: ye'll a' draw, but ye'll no' look at them till ye're out o' this, so that none can guess the man that draws the spot."

He threw the papers into his greasy cap, gave it a shake, and held it out. Each man drew a paper, leaving one for Ned himself. As they pocketed the scraps, he resumed:

"Now the strike's on, an' none o' ye will turn up at Pinsett's till the measters gie us our due. The d——d manager will no' see *that* day, if the man that draws the spot keeps his oath. Now, mates, we'll go; there's naught else to be said, I reckon."

"But there is something else to be said," a deep, calm voice announced; and from a door behind them the manager stepped quietly out into their midst.

The conspirators fell back, panic-stricken; even Bolton recoiled for a moment. But he recovered himself immediately, and sprang to his feet when he saw that Laurie was alone and unarmed.

"Down with the spy!" he yelled. "At him, mates; mak' short work o' the informer. Come on," and he lurched forward in front of Graham.

But only one man moved; Cherry ranged quietly up beside the manager. With head erect and arms outstretched, the latter spoke while the men stared, and Bolton retreated a pace.

"My men, before you examine your papers—before my intended murderer decides how to put me out of the world—let me say a few words to you," he said.

"That man (he pointed to Bolton, scornfully) cares nothing for you or for the strike: he wants only to be revenged on me. Listen: Three months ago, when out late, I heard a woman's cry for help at a lonely part of Mettram Hill. I found this man trying to force a young girl to go with him. The poor thing was terrified out of her wits; when I rescued her she rushed away like a mad creature. Bolton was married then; his wife was lying at death's door. She died shortly afterwards, and he



"THAT MAN . . . CARES NOTHING FOR YOU OR FOR THE STRIKE; HE WANTS ONLY TO BE REVENGED ON ME"

wanted to marry the girl I had rescued. She loathed him, but her only relative was in Bolton's power; he owed money, so Bolton compelled the old man to promise the girl to him. But his wife had left a child; he wanted to secure the girl, but the child was in the way, he thought. My men, he hid the child in this very warehouse; he was deliberately starving the boy to death; but he wanted to hasten matters, and last night he poisoned his son. By chance I discovered his crime. Oh! men, the sight I saw will haunt me till I die! I cannot describe it!—the pity—the awful horror of it. If you doubt what I have told you, look at your leader. Is that the face of an innocent man? No! and if you want further confirmation of his guilt, I can show you the horrible lair where he took his own child to murder him."

It needed not the accusing finger to indicate the cruel father's guilt. Bolton's face bore again those hideous patches of yellowish white; he shook with abject terror. A fierce, low growl of rage went round the grimy circle. Rude these men might be—savage, at times, even to their wives—but the helplessness of childhood appealed to them powerfully, for most of them were fathers. A reaction set in at once; scowling faces were turned towards

Bolton; horny fists clenched menacingly.

"It's true! Ye can see, mates, that he done it," one angry voice exclaimed, as Bolton tried to slink out of the place. Cherry sprang before him, compelling him to halt.

"Look ye here, lads," he cried, "I've got summat to say, too—summat as I must say, though Measter Laurie told me no. He's took little Jacky himself. Mother's to tend the poor little chap for him. An' he's got the advance frae Pinsett's. He were out at Mettram afore light this morning an' got it. That coward as clemmed his babby telled ye lies. Three cheers for Measter Laurie, mates—good an' hearty."

He led the cheering himself. Again and again the shouts rang out, and they seemed to wake a curious echo outside. The men fell away from Bolton; he stood alone, when once more Cherry's voice was audible as the cheers subsided.

"Another word, mates! We'll not go back to Pinsett's, advance or no advance, unless Ned Bolton gets the sack. No decent chap would work wi' him."

And the loud, angry roar that succeeded the cheers told unmistakably the men's feeling.

Without a word the manager tossed Bolton's wages towards him, and the

scoundrel was hustled to the door. But the sight that confronted the trembling wretch took the last remnant of spirit from him.

Mrs. Holt, Cherry's mother, had acted upon her own knowledge of what was going on in the warehouse, and the court was filled with a crowd of furious, excited women, foremost of whom was Mrs. Holt herself. Bolton's appearance was greeted with a yell, and a rush of such fury that Graham cried out:

"My God! they'll kill him," and darted forward to interfere.

"Never ye heed, sir, he deserves it a'," cried Cherry. "But come, lads, we'll tak' him through."

And, surrounded by his late dupes, cowed, livid, and shaking with mortal fear, Bolton was escorted through the howling, hooting throng of women into the street beyond.

"Now, man, run," said Cherry fiercely. "We'll do no more for ye. Lord! I could maist maul ye mysel'."

The wretch sped away for his life, pursued by the infuriated women, assailing him with every available missile—mud, stones, anything they could snatch up.

The holy passion of motherhood burns as strongly in the breast of the peasant as in that of the princess, and it would have fared ill with the brutal ruffian had his pursuers caught him.

In Habisham's humble house, Cissy was waiting for her grandfather's return from the meeting; she had no knowledge of what was transpiring there. She had heard the uproar and guessed its cause, but she neither joined the crowd nor watched its proceedings. It was late when a hand lifted the door-latch, and it was not her grandfather, but the manager, who entered. She started up, pale as death. Graham saw the unspoken question in her eyes, and hastened to reassure her.

"I'm all right, Cissy, so is your grandfather. He is with Holt. Bolton will trouble you no more; the men expelled him from the works when they heard about Jacky, and the women

would have torn him to pieces had they caught him," he told her rapidly, and her face lit up.

"Oh, but I'm thankful," she whispered softly.

"Now, about yourself, my girl," Laurie resumed. "You are not happy, you are not like the other girls here; you dislike the life."

The tears sprang to her eyes, her lips quivered.

"I hate the life," she cried passionately. "Oh, Measter Laurie! it was so different at home. Father belonged to Staffordshire—Wolverhampton way; he was a miller, and well-to-do. But when he and mother died I had to come to grandfather. He's been kind, but oh, sir, he's not father's sort." She broke down, sobbing bitterly. He took her hand in a protecting clasp.

"Listen, my dear," he said, "I have been talking to your grandfather to-night. He sees that you are unhappy, and approves my plan. You are only sixteen; what do you say to spending the next four years in the Misses Bamber's boarding school? You will be well educated, well looked after until you are twenty. When the time is up we can decide upon your future. Do you like the plan?"

She had listened quietly, at first with incredulity, then with quickened breath and heightened colour. As he ended she gave a great, gasping sob.

"Like it! Oh, sir, it will be just heaven to me!" she cried, and Laurie knew that the Misses Bamber would have a most diligent pupil, and he a very grateful and devoted *protégé*.

\* \* \* \*

So ended the great strike project. The manager's master-stroke was its death-blow. The men and Laurie are now on excellent terms, and Charley Holt, *alias* "Cherry," is a foreman. Little Jacky Bolton will, by and by, become an apprentice; and as for Cissy,—now Miss Floyd, and an accomplished and graceful young lady—her future has been settled quite as satisfactorily.

## CROMWELL—WELLINGTON—

WRITTEN BY A. WALLIS MYERS

GORDON—HAVELOCK

PEOPLE are very apt to pass by the monuments of London without knowing or caring anything about their history or their *raison d'être*. Warfare is so much in the air,

Londoners are so keen on knowing anything they can about the men who have won and thereby built up the Empire, that it is well to remind ourselves that a close study of the inscriptions which are to be found underneath the monuments erected to England's heroes will reveal in itself a comprehensive summary of British generalship.

The thousands of omnibus-riders who daily pass up Waterloo Place will have noticed in the middle of this monumental thoroughfare a fine memorial erected to the memory of the officers and soldiers of the Foot Guards who perished during the Crimean War. It was erected from the designs of Bell. A figure of Victory, wreathed with myrtle, surmounts a granite pedestal, below which, behind the trophy of guns captured at Sebastopol, is a group of three Guardsmen. But this does not nearly exhaust the statues in Waterloo Place, for we find in the portion of the square to the south of the Crimean monument statues of Field-Marshal Sir Colin Campbell; Lord Clyde, who died in 1863, by Marochetti; Lord Laurence, Viceroy of India, who died in 1879, by Boehm; Sir John Franklin, who died in 1847, by Noble; and Sir John Fox Burgoyne, who died in 1871, also by Boehm.

All these names, famous in military annals, will closely appeal to the British public which remembered that momentous time when Tommy Atkins was

fighting for his Queen and country in the far-away East. Then, as recently, there was a period of terrible national suspense; then, as in the South Africa campaign, initial intelligence came to London of defeat preceding victory, of darkness before dawn; and again, then, as lately, John Bull hoped, as only such a sturdy heart can, that the tide would turn and success reward the British arms. It needs no perusal of history books to remind us that this hope was realised.

From the Crimea we go back to a period far more stern and revolutionary, if contemporary with a "smaller Britain."



STATUE OF OLIVER CROMWELL OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF LORDS

The Iron Protector died in 1651, and although he was not buried until six weeks after his decease, the body was embalmed and removed to Somerset House, where his effigy, dressed in robes of state, was for several days on view. Oliver Cromwell was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Henry the Eighth's Chapel, at the east end of the middle aisle. It might naturally be concluded that so simple-lived, if so powerful a ruler, would be interred under circumstances themselves equally devoid of artifice and pomp. This, however, was not the case. Cromwell was buried at enormous expense—in fact, the cost of the obsequies amounted to sixty thousand pounds, Parliament instantly voting the sum, nineteen thousand pounds of which was reported to be still owing in 1659. The Protector's body had a very short *requiem in pace* amid such auspicious surroundings; his body reappeared above ground to become the subject of very undignified treatment. In connection with the passing of a Bill for the attainder of dead regicides, a proposition was moved in the House of Commons by a Captain Titus, that the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton and Bradshaw should be exhumed and hung on the gallows—a gruesome suggestion which, strange to say, met with the approval of the House. Cromwell's body was accordingly disinterred on the 26th of January, 1661, and four days later hung on the gallows at Tyburn, that day, by a curious coincidence, being the twelfth anniversary of the King's execution. His head, according to "Pepy's Diary," was arraigned on a pole at the top of Westminster Hall, the trunk being buried under the gallows. Whether or no, the mutilated corpse of Cromwell actually found a resting-place in London or elsewhere, there is no definite evidence to guide us. Historians, however, have given us their own private opinions on this matter. For instance, it is said that Cromwell was secretly buried in the royal tombs in Westminster Abbey, which, with a sort of subtle intuition, he had had opened in readiness before his death. Another authority has it that the body of the Protector was taken away secretly to the field of Naseby, a most appropriate spot, and

surreptitiously buried there in the dead of night.

Be this as it may, and be the opinions of his successors divided as to the claims of Cromwell to permanent public recognition, there have not been wanting those bold admirers who have come forward with voice and purse to do him posthumous honour. Dean Stanley was one of these gentlemen; he has erected at Westminster Abbey, to the memory of the great Puritan warrior, a tablet, which may be seen by any visitor to the metropolis who cares to step into the stately building. Lord Rosebery is another who—despite the fact that strenuous opposition was raised in the House of Lords by Earl Hardwicke and others to the mere suggestion that any effigy of the regicide should be raised in the precincts of his notorious operations, not to mention the venue of his own execution—personally associated himself with the erection of a conspicuous statue, silhouetted against the House of Lords and designed by Mr. Hamo Thornycroft. No one who was present at the great pro-Cromwell meeting, held in the Queen's Hall, will forget the powerful and eloquent oration which the ex-Premier delivered on that occasion, nor will they fail to remember how strikingly and how opportunely Lord Rosebery made his utterances so completely connect themselves with the topic of the hour—Sane Imperialism. This statue is composed of gun-metal, and depicts Oliver Cromwell, Puritan soldier, with a Bible in one hand and a sword in the other. It is, according to historians, an admirable likeness, and one has only to see the firm and mobile mouth, as it has been cut by the sculptor's hand, to realise the determination and immeasurable strength of will which characterised this man. No one will say that Cromwell is a model to be set up as an example, but all will admit—or if they do not admit it, will at least think it—that he was a typical Englishman, and, withal, a political and military reformer consistently and conscientiously working for the good of his country. To Royalists like Clarendon, he was simply a "bad, brave man," and it was much if they admitted, as he did, that the Protector had any of the virtues

which have caused the memory of man in all ages to be celebrated. By others he was regarded as the personification of selfishness, aiming at sovereignty, with no other motive than that instilled by vanity and self-glorification. His biographers would seem to give him a better character, and inspire him with loftier motives. For instance, Baxter says: "Cromwell meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscientious in the main cause of his life, till prosperity and success corrupted him; then his religious zeal gave way to ambition, which increased as successes increased. When his successes had broken down all considerable opposition, then was he in face of his strongest temptations which conquered him when he had conquered others."

From the Iron Protector we pass to the Iron Duke, who died on the 14th of September, 1852, and whose name, more perhaps than that of any British commander, has enjoyed a halo of respect and admiration which promises to remain evermore. Wellington was buried with great magnificence at St. Paul's, on the 18th of November. After lying in state at Walmer, his body was brought to Chelsea Hospital on the 9th or the 10th, and the public were able to gaze upon it for the next week. On the night of the 17th it was taken to the Horse Guards, and next morning the funeral procession, which was of a most pompous and impressive

character, passed by Constitution Hill, Piccadilly and the Strand, to the Cathedral, one million and a half of a respectful populace looking on.

Like Oliver Cromwell, Wellington, when he died, obtained from Parliament an extensive vote, which was to cover the obsequies. Eighty thousand pounds was the estimate, of which, when the funeral expenses had been paid, there remained twenty thousand pounds for a monument; nearly one-third of this sum was spent in the selection of an artist. Alfred Stevens obtained the commission, and the work was worthy of the man and the place; but it was nearly forty years after the Duke's death that this statue was erected in the Cathedral which contained his ashes. This was placed in one of the arches on the north side of the Cathedral.

It was only natural that other memorials to so great a general should have risen up all over the country which owed him so much. A colossal statue on horseback, by Matthew Cotes Wyatt, had been placed on the top of an archway at Apsley House, in 1846. Universally condemned, it would have been removed at once but for Wellington's own objection—an objection which was typical of the man; however, in January, 1883, it came down and was transferred to Aldershot, being replaced in 1888 by a smaller equestrian statue by Sir Joseph Edgar Boehm. Wellington, a-horse, was also personified, in stone,



STATUE OF THE DUKE OF  
WELLINGTON AT HYDE PARK  
CORNER

near the Royal Exchange, by Chantrey, in 1844; at Glasgow, by Marochetti, in the same year, and at Edinburgh, by Hall; whilst in Dublin, Phoenix Park has an obelisk by Smirk, which was erected in 1821. Then the statue of Achilles in Hyde Park, by Westmacott, was a memorial to the Duke, a work which was organised by the ladies of England in 1822, the metal being furnished by guns taken from the French. In the same year the Wellington Shield, by Stothart, suggested by Flaxman's Shield of Achilles, was presented to the Duke by the bankers and merchants of London. The national memorial to this stern hero, for which one hundred thousand pounds was subscribed, took the form of a college at Sandhurst, for the education of the sons of officers; and the Queen laid the foundation stone of Wellington College on the second of June, 1859. Then, of course, we have the capital of the colony of New Zealand to remind us in perpetuity of the famous Duke.

For those whose eyes or height will not permit of their gathering a clear outline of Wellington's features, it may be mentioned that he was five feet nine inches in height, spare and muscular, with aquiline features and penetrating grey eyes. He was a remarkably well-made man—and knew it; his activity and endurance, both physical and mental, were extraordinary, and created universal comment. "His chief characteristics," says one of his ablest biographers, "were manliness and public spirit; the former showed itself in his simplicity, straightforwardness and self-reliance, and in his imperturbable nerve and strength of will. He was lively, buoyant and good-tempered, but temper and feeling were under strict control. He was placable because occasions arose so often that demanded such sacrifice, but he sometimes forgot services as well as injuries. He regarded his friends as possible enemies, his enemies as possible friends. He had an active, busy mind, always looking to the future, and did not dwell long on losses; not only his soldiers, but his principal officers and his political colleagues were, in his eyes, mere tools for the public service, and he won their confidence and admiration

rather than their affection; he sought neither one nor the other, his aim was to do his duty to satisfy himself." No wonder that he was called the "Iron Duke," a sobriquet which is said to have been borrowed from a steamboat, but which anyhow was eminently suitable. Wellington at home was Wellington on the battlefield, and as a general he was daring though cautious; he possessed that adequate store of cool judg-



STATUE OF GENERAL GORDON IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

ment which Napoleon described as "the foremost quality in a general."

In treating of General Gordon, whose form is likewise immortalised in stone, we get another instance of the sword and the Bible working hand in hand. When the sad fate of this brave and refined leader of men was received in England on February 5th, 1885, it was universally acknowledged that the world had lost a hero. Both here and abroad there was an outburst of popular grief which was almost unparalleled. Friday, the 13th day of March, was observed as a day of national mourning; special services were held at the cathedrals and in many churches of the land, those at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's being attended by the Royal family, members of both Houses of Parliament,

and members of the military and naval services. Gordon, of course, was a living stone after his death, and Parliament voted a national monument to be placed in Trafalgar Square, which is, like that of Cromwell's statue in Westminster, the work of Mr. Thornycroft. It was unveiled on the 15th of October, 1888, the sum of twenty thousand pounds being distributed among his relatives.

There are several memorials to Gordon in London. The recumbent effigy of the hero of Khartoum, in bronze, by Mr. Boehm, was placed in St. Paul's; the corps of of Royal Engineers, to which he—and, by the way, the other and living hero of Khartoum—belonged, erected a bronze statue of the General mounted on a camel, the work of Mr. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., in their barrack square at Chatham. A portrait by Mr. Val Prinsep is in the Chatham mess, and memorials were also projected in Westminster Abbey and Rochester Cathedral. Gordon's Boys' Home, for homeless and destitute lads, is another permanent institution which will for ever, let us hope, be associated with General Gordon. Is he not the *beau idéal* of English generals in the schoolroom and the playground? He is loved by boys because he was genuine, because his character was unique.

Our last hero in stone is Sir Henry Havelock—immortalised because of the influence he exercised over the British troops in the Indian Mutiny. Havelock and Cawnpore are indelibly linked together. In nine days he marched one hundred and twenty-six miles under a fierce Indian sun, and fought four successive actions, entering Cawnpore and witnessing the heartrending massacre of his fellow-countrymen, which he was powerless to prevent, which exasperated his soldiers, and will ever live on the black pages of English history. Havelock's heroic and arduous work on the march to Lucknow, his arrival there with Sir James Outram just as the beleaguered garrison had relinquished all hope of succour, and the splendid behaviour of his troops under the most trying circumstances, are events which none of us are likely to



STATUE OF SIR HENRY HAVELOCK IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

forget. The meeting of Sir James Outram and General Havelock with Sir Colin Campbell was of a nature at once historic and memorable; but, alas! one of these three figures, and perhaps the greatest, was soon to be struck down, just as the "labourer's task was o'er." On the 24th of November, or eight days after the meeting, Sir Henry—who, by the way, was made "Sir Henry" by the Queen, for his earlier successes—suddenly succumbed to dysentery. He was buried at Allumbagh with military honours, his son and the leaders with whom he had been associated following his body to the grave. Like the loss of Gordon, Havelock's death caused intense mortification in England. The news of his brilliant series of victories had only just preceded the sad intelligence that he was dead, and the nation was plunged into mourning. His wife was raised to the rank of a baronet's widow; his son, who had also distinguished himself in the campaign, was made a baronet, and an annuity of a thousand pounds was immediately voted by Parliament to both widow and son.

Though they be in stone, and though



the men they perpetuate cannot speak, the statues in themselves are adequate indices to the life, work and self-sacrifice of these "great departed." Let us

hope that at the end of the twentieth century others will be equally honoured for the good work they have done *pro patria*.



## THE RECOLLECTION

To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.—*Wordsworth*.



HITHER, how oft! in that far summer we came,  
Furrowing the laughing levels with oars that flashed  
Like flakes of silver or sunrise. 'Neath our keel  
The river bubbled and gurgled; golden with light,  
Yet pied with shadows and kine, gleamed meadow and glen;  
And many an antique landmark whispered to us  
Strange tales of bygone things. Who then, than we,  
Happier or lighter-hearted, as we laid  
Our oars by, drifting idly, and reclined  
On the soft cushions? Sight or sound was none,  
Save lapping of water, green fields and blue sky  
And their reflection, painted in the river,  
Swaying as a wind-stirred arras, and comrades' laughter;  
And, thrilled by joy and earth's keen beauty, I lay  
Sated with sweet sensations, as a harp  
Touched by a master-player. Long since then  
The rub o' th' world and finger of time have shaped  
Diversely spirits that in too plastic youth  
Seemed like and kin, whom eddies and winds of chance  
Have sundered; whence our fellowship is no more,  
Nor our fellow-feeling. Yet comes oftentimes  
That vision of far-off days and faded bliss  
To sadden, yet soothe, my soul with waking dreams  
Both of what was and of what might have been.

J. J. ELLIS.



VIEW OF THE PERISTYLIUM OR INNER COURTYARD OF THE "NEW HOUSE"

*From Photo by G. BROGI, of Naples*

A

WEEK

WRITTEN BY

AGNES H. BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY

PHOTOGRAPHS OF

IN

THE MOST RECENT

DISCOVERIES

POMPEII



WEEK is no doubt a very short space of time in which to explore all the wonders of a buried city, yet we congratulated ourselves, at the time of our visit, on the fact that we were very much better off in this respect than the generality of tourists, who, as a rule, must content themselves with a two hours' rush round the ruins, as luncheon and train back to Naples have to be considered. There exists, however, in the modern village of Pompeii a certain quaint, primitive,

and Bohemian little inn, and there we determined to take up our abode for a week, within ten minutes' walk of the ruins. In this way we had the advantage of being able to go in and out of the ancient city as we pleased; of spending the lovely morning hours, before the arrival of tourists from Naples, in wandering at will through houses and temples, finding our way alone, aided by a map of the city, from one point of interest to another; then home for luncheon and a two hours' rest during the hottest time of the day, and back again

to continue our explorations, or, perhaps, if more lazily inclined, just to sit dreaming in some of the old gardens, drinking in all the wonder and the beauty of the scene around us, till six o'clock came, all too soon, warning us that dinner would be waiting ere long, in a certain detached, barn-like building, called, by compliment, the dining-hall of the Hotel del Sole—exceedingly picturesque with its earthen floor, rafted roof, and great open doorway, through which, while seated at table, we could get a view of the old garden and the orange trees laden with their golden fruit. Through this doorway, stray musicians, dogs and beggars were allowed to come in and out as they pleased, and we could not help feeling, all the time we were dining, that we were on the stage, assisting in some sort of comic opera. The noise which these chance visitors contributed, combined with voluble chatter of the regular guests in at least six or seven different languages, resulted in a deafening uproar. It might certainly be described as a very lively dinner party, with no awkward pauses in the conversation.

The fare in this unique hotel was extremely liberal, though perhaps not over-daintily served. We had a breakfast of coffee, fresh eggs and crisp rolls; a luncheon of three courses, and a dinner of five; two quart bottles of wine for each person per day, and unlimited oranges; and all this, board and lodging included, for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  francs (3s. 9d.) per day. Of course, there were certain disadvantages. Dinner, for instance, was a very protracted meal, the waiting being extraordinary, to say the least of it. The padrone himself and his sister attended to the whole thirty guests, aided in a perfunctory fashion by some strange brigand-looking fellows, who flew in a distracted manner across the garden from the kitchen to the dining-room, carrying the various dishes. We afterwards learned that they were Vesuvian guides by profession, who filled up their spare moments in this laudable way.

As we arrived in Pompeii late in the afternoon, and had travelled from Rome that day, we were thankful, after our lively and exciting dinner, to retire

at once to bed, and fell asleep watching the dull glare of the fire on Vesuvius, and the great shower of sparks, like some gigantic rocket, which it throws up every few moments. We could not help wondering, that first night, how it was possible for people to live calmly all their lives under the shadow of these eternal fires, truly never knowing what an hour might bring forth. Yet, when we found ourselves, by the end of a week, falling calmly asleep without a thought of the dread mountain, we could much more readily understand the tranquillity of the inhabitants, who build their houses and till their vineyards on the very slopes of the volcano.

We were up early next morning, and after a hurried cup of coffee, were starting briskly for the ruins, when our worthy landlord invited us to step into a little carriage waiting at the gate. We shook our heads dubiously at first, past and sad experience in Italy having warned us to beware of cabs without first ascertaining the cost. But when, with beaming smile and much gesticulation, our padrone explained that there was absolutely nothing to pay, the drive to the ruins being provided gratis for visitors at the hotel, we very briskly stepped in, and were driven off rapidly to the gates of the ruins. I may mention here that this was the first and the last time we got anything gratis in Italy.

The admission to the ruins is two francs per person, this sum including the services of an official guide. We got a very obliging and intelligent man to take us round for two hours, after which we dispensed with his services, and found our way about alone.

I think my first impression on entering the famous old city which I had so often thought about, dreamed about, and longed to see, was one of surprise. It was not in the least like what I had imagined it to be, for I had fancied to myself a dark, gloomy place, below the surface of the ground; and it was certainly a surprise to walk through the gates right into the city, with the deep blue sky above, and lovely glimpses of mountain and smiling landscape on every side. Ruins have always been



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE PERISTYLIUM OR INNER COURTYARD OF THE "NEW HOUSE," showing marble figures, fountains and tables in the positions in which they were discovered.

*From Photo by G. Brogi, of Naples*

associated in my mind with a certain amount of dirt and dust, and it was, therefore, most surprising to find both streets and houses dazzlingly clean.

There was a peculiar charm in the perfect stillness and solitude of the ancient city on that morning of our first visit, which seemed to enhance the wonder and the beauty of all we saw. The lovely houses, with their frescoes, fountains and gardens; the wine shops, with their marble counters; the magnificent bath-houses, their great marble baths in perfect preservation; the grand theatres, capable of seating thousands of spectators; the innumerable temples; the fine old streets, with their stepping-stones worn by the feet of the passers-by of two thousand years ago; all more wonderful, indeed, than any fairy tale.

A special interest attaches to the ruins of Pompeii from the fact that they are not renovated or added to in the slightest degree. They stand there

exactly as they stood so many centuries ago, and from a study of their houses, pictures and household utensils, it is a comparatively easy matter to imagine what the life and habits of the ancient inhabitants must have been. That they were a luxurious, pleasure-loving people, is evident, even to the most cursory observer. Their magnificent bathing establishments, theatres and temples, and exquisitely-decorated houses, are sufficient in themselves to prove this. In many respects, they undoubtedly resembled the present inhabitants of many Italian towns. They ate the same bread, for one thing; and that macaroni and vermicelli formed then, as now, a staple article of diet, is no doubt the case, as the instruments for making the long tubes have been found; and from the round medallion portraits of the inmates found in nearly every house, it seems they resembled the Neapolitan peasant of the present day. Some of these have Egyptian features,

however, and from this fact, and from the zealous worship of Isis at that time, it seems undoubted that many Egyptians were resident in Pompeii. In speaking of this, we cannot fail to be reminded of Lord Lytton's famous character, the mysterious Arbaces, a marvellous creation worthy of the glorious novel in which it is set. The "Last Days of Pompeii" was written on the spot, during a winter which the author spent in the neighbourhood, and to this fact, no doubt, the book owes its wonderful accuracy in detail, which makes it one of the most useful, as well as one of the most fascinating guide-books ever written.

We found the streets, as a rule, long, straight and narrow, paved with lava, and with high raised footpaths on either side. We saw the deep ruts formed by the cart-wheels that passed over them so many hundred years ago, and the stepping-stones by means of which the inhabitants could pass dryshod from one side of the street to the other. These were absolutely necessary, on account of a constant flow of water down the middle of the streets. At the crossings of nearly all the principal streets, a plain stone drinking fountain was standing, and, strange to relate, on all these fountains we saw the impress of a hand worn into the stonework. The ancient inhabitants, when they wished to quench their thirst, were in the habit of stooping forward, and leaning with one hand on the edge of the trough, while they held their mouths up to the running stream of water.

The rooms of the houses struck us as being particularly small, even in the most magnificent mansions. This is, of course, partly accounted for by the fact that, owing to the salubrious climate, the life was greatly an outdoor one, the hall and garden being used as sitting-rooms, in which the guests were received. Lord Lytton says, "Even their banquet rooms, however elaborately adorned and carefully selected in point of aspect, were of diminutive proportions, for the intellectual ancients, being fond of *society*, not of *crowds*, rarely feasted more than nine at a time." A lesson in entertaining

which, I think, we might lay to heart with advantage at the present day.

Of all the many houses in Pompeii; the one which to us was of the most enthralling interest was undoubtedly what is called "The New House," discovered only a short time previous to our visit, and certainly, I think, one of the most beautiful in the city. Its marble tables and statuettes seem as if fresh from the master's chisel; and, with its exquisite frescoes and bronzes, the house forms in itself a perfect treasury of wonder and delight. It has always been the custom in the past to remove all pictures, statues, and, indeed, anything movable, to the Naples Museum. A new and better method has, however, come into vogue, and fortunately the New House is benefiting by it. All frescoes, statues, marble tables and fountains are left in exactly the position they were found originally. Protecting roofs are built, the frescoes are covered in with glass to preserve them, and the garden is planted anew with shrubs and flowers, so that the whole represents almost the identical appearance it must have done on that fatal morning nearly two thousand years ago. The house was not completely dug out when we were there, so we saw the excavations in full swing for several days. A feeling of suppressed excitement seemed in the air. Hourly, fresh discoveries were being made, and we watched with intense interest the operations of an artist, engaged in washing down a beautiful fresco unearthed only two days before our visit.

There is a certain eerie sensation in going in and out these old houses, especially when alone, which Fitzgerald Marriott, whom we had the pleasure of meeting while at Pompeii, describes very graphically and truly in his interesting work, "Facts about Pompeii." "To wander," he says, "amongst the old houses day after day, to enter their private rooms, descend into their cellars, climb the staircases—where they still exist—to sit and walk in their gardens, breeds in one after a time a feeling that one is trespassing, and that presently, turning a corner, one will meet some of the ancient dwellers



ROOM IN THE "NEW HOUSE," with very fine frescoes. The painting to the left, in an excellent state of preservation, represents the infant Hercules struggling with the serpents.

*From Photo by G. Brogi, of Naples.*

talking together, or perhaps the owner of the house himself walking up and down in his cloisters."

The old gardens were gay, at the time of our visit, with scarlet poppies, and the ruins softened and beautified by the maidenhair fern which grows luxuriously all over, appearing in every crevice of houses and streets, and fringing the marble fountains with a delicate tracery of green.

It is interesting to wander into the different shops, and find out that this one must have been a baker's shop, from the little stone mills for grinding the corn and the ovens for baking the bread; or that this other one must have been a wine shop, for there are the great vases for holding the wine—now so long empty—and the marble counters at which the old Pompeiians used to stand and gossip as they took their refreshment.

The bathing establishments at Pompeii are wonderfully interesting from

the fact that they are so well preserved. These establishments are beautiful from an architectural point of view, with lovely frescoed walls, and embossed ceilings, and mosaic floors. We saw the little niches where the bathers left their clothes, with quaint little figures carved between each. The walls are hollow to allow the hot air to circulate. The old Roman bath was just what we call a Turkish bath, but taken amid a luxury and a beauty difficult for us to realize. Yet, in spite of all the luxury, the price of admission to the bath was very small, and, according to Pliny, many bathed as often as seven times in the day. In this habit, the present-day inhabitants of modern Pompeii do not resemble them. I am certain that nothing in the shape of a bath has ever entered, even into the wildest imagination of many an inhabitant of modern Pompeii.

From the little museum of Pompeii

we found it difficult to tear ourselves away. Every object within its walls seems to contain a history in itself, and takes us back, without effort, to the domestic life of more than eighteen centuries ago. There, in perfect preservation, we saw the spoons and knives of the inhabitants, their dinner services, their vases for wine, their kitchen utensils, their gridirons, frying-pans and collanders, pastry cutters, and cheese graters. There, too, we saw the very bread as it was found in the oven, put in, no doubt, by some busy housewife who little dreamt that it was destined to remain there for sixteen centuries, to be taken out then and gazed upon by thousands of interested spectators. But what, more than all this, seems to rouse our sympathy and helps us to

realize the full horror of the disaster, is the sight of the unhappy inhabitants themselves. Plaster of Paris is poured over the bodies, as soon as they are unearthed, and these casts lie in glass cases in the museum. Most of the bodies are in a peaceful attitude, as if asleep, while a few only have their limbs drawn up and contorted as if in the agonies of suffocation. Most pathetic of all was the sight of a mother, with evidently her young daughter lying close beside her, as if for protection in that dread hour of destruction and death.

A day devoted to the ascent of Vesuvius, and one or two spent in exploring the beautiful country around us, brought our delightful and memorable week in Pompeii to a conclusion.



## "GOOD BYE"

E'EN as I hold you to my beating heart,  
 And whisper in your ear a last farewell,  
 Heaven seems to mingle with the depths of Hell,  
 'Tis Heaven to love, 'tis Hell so soon to part.

Just as the sweetest rose conceals a thorn,  
 So are such partings sweet until the morrow;  
 Then gone is sweetness, gone is all but sorrow,  
 And life's a burden scarcely to be borne.

Engraven on our hearts there shall remain  
 The sweet remembrance of that long last kiss,  
 Until that crowning hour of perfect bliss,  
 When next we meet again.

D. O.

# The Head of A Woman.

WRITTEN BY J. E. CHALMERS

ILLUSTRATED BY E. FAIRHURST

## CHAPTER I.



**A**FTER the fashion of his kind, Absalom, dealer in pictures and the antique, had a keen eye to business and the driving of a bargain; he was even harder in this respect than his father, old Solomon, had been, and therefore Grant MacIlvray was considerably surprised one morning, after a visit to the dealer's shop, at finding himself in possession of a certain valuable picture, at a cost considerably below its market value. The old canvas was in perfect repair, the artist's name was good, and the frame was Florentine. After this transaction MacIlvray walked down the street with the elastic tread of a boy; his shoulders straightened and his head held erect, he turned in at Sweeting's, where he ordered a dozen natives and an imperial pint of Guinness's extra stout, over which to ruminate.

It was splendid, the head of the woman in the picture, and how well it would look against the dark panelling of their dining-room at home. Agatha would be charmed with it, he felt sure, and she would quite forget the minor wants which she had detailed to him that morning, in the pleasure of their new possession. The frame was undoubtedly Florentine, and admirably suited the Borgia-like head, with its pale

aquiline features and nimbus of flame-coloured hair.

Now Absalom was fully aware that his was a losing bargain, and, wonderful to relate, he was almost content in this single instance that it should be so. After the purchase had been completed he had followed his customer to the shop door, and, standing there unobserved, he had watched MacIlvray's airy transit down the street. Then he went back to contemplate the picture.

The frame, as MacIlvray had supposed, was Florentine, and the picture was a valuable one; but standing beneath it, Absalom, the Jew, went through a series of actions and grimaces expressive of hatred and disgust. There was no doubt he was glad to be rid of it, even at a loss of profit.

"You She-Wolf! She-Devil! Daughter of a Pig," he exclaimed, with violent gesticulation, "Show your damn white evil face here again if you dare!"

The great green eyes in the picture met his fiery glances with undisturbed serenity, the pale mouth, with its underhung jaw, seemed to smile contemptuously upon the Jew.

The inner door leading to the parlour, was now pushed open cautiously, and a dark curly head peeped out.

"Uncle Ab, have you done a good morning's work?"



"YOU SHE-WOLF! SHE-DEVIL!  
DAUGHTER OF A FIG!"



The man's antics ceased suddenly, and when he spoke his voice had assumed its usual calm dead level.

"A good morning's work, a very good morning's work, Rachel. I've sold that picture for ten golden guineas."

The girl's slight form stood in the doorway, her large dark eyes now staring widely.

"Ten! That's less than half you gave, ain't it?"

Absalom thrust his tongue in his cheek.

"But I'm glad it's going, all the same," Rachel continued. "for it's the horriddest picture I've ever seen, and that's not a few, for you do pick up some cautions, Uncle Ab."

"I smell the fat in the fire," chuckled Absalom, "there's not much that imp don't know. Now to pack the infernal thing."

\* \* \* \*

"Well, Agatha, what do you think

of our new picture?" MacIlvray inquired of his wife, and as he spoke he passed his arm affectionately round her waist; they stood together looking up at it.

"I am afraid, if I told you the truth, you wouldn't like it," she replied, reluctantly.

Grant laughed.

"I shan't mind. That face is not to everyone's taste."

Agatha's eyes questioned him anxiously.

"I hope it is not yours."

"I think it is intended to represent the head of a Borgia," he said, in musing tones, "that hair is gorgeous as a sunset, and the eyes are magnificent."

"They are full of wickedness," Agatha declared, piteously.

"That doesn't matter in a picture," he cried, half impatient at such folly. "It was a bargain. Look at the frame."

"I can't with that face beneath it."

He laughed again, and drew her away to the fireside. "It is a wonderful bargain," he repeated, as he lighted a cigarette. "I am sure it would fetch a hundred guineas at least, if we put it up at Christie's."

"And you bought it for ten—from a Jew," Agatha reminded him, significantly. "I wish you would sell it again for the same sum."

Glancing upwards, MacIlvray's eyes met the eyes portrayed on the canvas; they seemed alive with intelligence. A sudden anger against his wife took possession of him.

"You are a perfect kill-joy," he exclaimed, savagely, and without a glance at her stricken face, he went out of the room banging the door behind him.

Agatha was astounded at this outburst on the part of her husband, who was of a tolerant and kindly disposition. She feared he had been working too hard lately, a new series of articles had taken up his spare time, she knew, and there had been a press of work at the offices of *The Kaleidoscope*, so, remembering these things, out of the fulness of her woman's heart she forgave him. But the next day she begged him to remove the picture from the dining-room, where it was hung, and since he valued it, to place it in his study, and this he did, little dreaming of the sequence.

\* \* \*

"What has happened to MacIlvray lately, haven't you noticed how uncommonly queer he seems?"

These words, spoken in the chief's trenchant voice, reached MacIlvray's ears, where he sat in the sub-editor's office. His pen was arrested in the middle of an important correction, while he waited for the reply.

"Can't say that I've noticed anything unusual."

That was all, but MacIlvray heaved a sigh of relief, the pen fell from between his fingers, and he leaned back in his chair, while a cloud of lambent stars appeared to float before his vision, obscuring the crude details of the room. A few seconds later he found the chief bending over him, with an unexpected friendliness of manner.

"Come, old chap, this will never do, I can see you've been burning too much midnight oil."

Again MacIlvray was conscious of a feeling of relief, and with an effort of will he pulled himself together.

"I'm truly sorry, sir. What a fool you must think me."

"I don't at present, but assuredly you will be, if you don't take it easier than you have been doing lately. I've seen a good many bad cases in my time, so be advised by me, and give yourself a rest."

MacIlvray groaned.

"Impossible, my dear sir," he said. "I can't rest, it would kill me." His looks were despairing.

"Nonsense," replied the other, assuming a light tone, to hide his real concern, for MacIlvray was a favourite of his. "What are you bothering those poor restless brains about? The pressure of work here is over for the present, and Griffiths might take some of the burden off your shoulders."

MacIlvray stammered his thanks.

"Come, lay aside your pen, and let me drive you home," proposed the chief, kindly.

MacIlvray shivered as with an ague, but he had no strength to resist the other's wishes, and so he submitted.

Agatha met them at the door of the pretty bijou house, which overlooked the Kensington Gardens. She was dressed for walking, and appeared smiling and cheerful, unconscious of her husband's desperate plight. The chief made a pretence of detaining her on the doorstep, while MacIlvray passed within.

"You have been allowing Grant to work too hard, I'm afraid, Mr. Hobson, and now, I hope, you mean to give him a holiday," she cried, somewhat unexpectedly opening the attack.

"I think I have no option," replied the chief, gravely. "His nerve power is exhausted. I confess I am at a loss to understand it."

"He has been sitting up night after night, turning out copy. You must be aware of it," Agatha returned reproachfully.

"Not for *The Kaleidoscope*. He finished the last of that remarkable

series in the middle of last week ; since then I have carefully avoided giving him any extra work. He must be writing something on his own account."

Agatha looked puzzled, then confused, and stood before Mr. Hobson, biting her lips.

"What is it, Mrs. Mac?" he inquired, with an almost irresistible kindness.

She looked slantwise across her shoulder, as though fearful that they might be overheard. "I wish I knew for certain, myself; there is a dreadful mystery about this sudden breakdown of Grant's. Oh! you would think I had taken leave of my senses if I were to tell you what I feared," she exclaimed in real distress. The pretty colour had faded from her cheeks, leaving her wan and pale.

"Dear lady, you must tell me," he said, persuasively.

"Not now," she whispered, "he may come out in a moment, and perhaps he might think it strange if he found us talking so long."

"We had better risk that. The door of the study is shut that is facing us, is it not? Can't you tell me quickly?"

"Come into the drawing-room, it will appear more natural," she suggested, and her companion followed her upstairs.

Arrived there, she walked up and down the room restlessly, arranging trifling details of furniture; then she removed her hat and sat down facing him. The light from the windows revealed her plainly, and Mr. Hobson was struck by the sudden change which had overtaken the pretty, smiling woman he had met ten minutes earlier.

"Do you believe in the supernatural? Ah, I see you smile, you do not, neither did I; and yet there are things one cannot explain, tricks of the imagination, perhaps, but these illusions once struck are mightily difficult to be rid of. They haunt one."

"My dear Mrs. Mac, I believe you are both requiring change of air. All this arises from liver, I can assure you."

"Just now, in my husband's case, you suggested nerves," she reminded him, "and I think that is nearer the truth; but I must hurry on, for we may be interrupted at any moment. About a fortnight ago, Grant bought an old

picture from a Jew dealer in Holborn, representing the head of a fiend in woman's guise, and ever since it came into the house he has entirely changed. Oh, I see incredulity written in your face, but this is a fact, I can assure you."

"I should be rather inclined to call it a coincidence," returned Hobson. "I think the nervous affection your husband is suffering from must have been coming on for some time before it became apparent."

Agatha threw up her hands.

"Of course I did not expect you to believe it; and yet before that picture entered the house Grant was in capital spirits."

"Where is this marvellous picture?"

"In Grant's study; my doing, unfortunately, for I insisted upon his removing it from the dining-room, where it took away my appetite."

Mr. Hobson laughed outright.

"You seem possessed, I declare." Then he added, with becoming gravity, "I do sympathise with you most sincerely, on your husband's state of health, but I think rest and change would accomplish wonders. Now, I had better look him up. I suppose I shall find him in his study?"

Agatha was clearly disappointed, but not convinced, by his arguments. She held out her hand to him in tearful silence.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Mac, you must keep up your spirits and hope for the best. I have seen men in very much worse plight than your husband." And so uttering platitudes, Mr. Hobson bowed himself out. A second later the sharp click of the study door, as it closed behind him, reached Agatha's straining ears.

## CHAPTER II.

MacIlvray was seated at the writing table with his back to the door when Mr. Hobson entered the study. The picture, which was hung opposite the doorway, at once attracted the attention of the latter, and the peculiar malignancy portrayed in the woman's features, with its living eyes and corpse-like colouring, struck him with an indefinable sense of evil.

MacIlvray endeavoured to play the part befitting a host, producing cognac

and cigars, for the entertainment of his guest; and, partly from curiosity, Hobson was persuaded to remain and have a chat with him. It was evident that MacIlvray was making a strenuous effort at self-control, but every now and then Hobson caught his eyes wandering towards the fatal picture, as though impelled by an overpowering hidden force at work. For some time the conversation filtered on through desultory channels; but at length Hobson remarked upon the picture.

"That's a fine old painting you have there, really wonderful in execution, but rather an unpleasant subject, don't you think?"

"No, certainly not," replied Grant, in a loud, angry tone, much to the other's astonishment.

"Well, well, of course everyone is entitled to an opinion," Hobson murmured soothingly, "Now I wouldn't keep such a picture in my particular sanctum for the world. I know at the end of a month I should be hag-ridden. But you are not so sensitive, it doesn't strike you in that light?"

The effect of this speech upon MacIlvray was positively electrical. He rose to his feet with white face and blazing eyes, shouting and gesticulating like a maniac, and a moment later Agatha had rushed into the room, and stood between her husband and their guest.

"Mr. Hobson—Grant—what does this mean?" she cried in distress.

Mr. Hobson met her eyes gravely.

"I don't understand, myself," he said; "I fear I have annoyed your husband, quite unintentionally, of course."

The calmness of his manner partly reassured her.

"I must beg you will forgive Grant," she said, in tremulous tones. "I think you can see that he is suffering, and unlike himself."

Grant stood by while Agatha tendered these apologies on his behalf; he appeared dazed and evidently much shaken by his extraordinary outburst; immediately Mr. Hobson took his leave, and, as Agatha accompanied him to the door, he whispered hastily: "I am now almost convinced that you were right in your conjecture. The picture

is diabolical—you have rightly described it—it has a bad effect upon him, reacting on his nerves; you must get rid of it as soon as possible. Take him away for change of air, and he will recover. It is entirely a matter of nerves; perhaps you can persuade him not to return to the office for a few days; we can manage without him."

Left alone, Grant sank into a chair, overcome by the shock to his nervous sensibilities. He clenched his teeth to prevent himself from calling out, while his limbs were trembling and his mind in chaos. What unknown horror possessed him to act so strangely and at variance with all his former habits and principles? A fiend within seemed always urging him to do violence to himself and the feelings of others. He struck at his forehead again and again, moaning in impotent pain, his senses were tortured, his brain on the rack: until now he had scarcely known a day's illness or serious trouble. Looking up, he caught the grey-green eyes of the woman in the picture fixed upon him with yearning melancholy and reproach; fire coursed through his veins once more, and passionately he kissed his hand to her in token of repentance. That white, corpse-like face, was the face he now worshipped to the exclusion of all things living and other earthly interests. There was the secret will which he obeyed, defying any other to compel him. The sudden weakness had left him, he felt a new man once more, and the hand that poured out a glass of cognac was steady as a rock.

What a detestable, ignorant cur Miles Hobson had proved himself just now, and the mealy-mouthed Agatha, with her cringing apologies and regrets; anger and hatred against both surged within his breast. Then a wild suspicion crossed his disordered mind. Why had she followed Hobson out, and stood whispering with him in the hall? His eyes met the exultant eyes of the mocking fiend on the wall.

It was after these incidents that MacIlvray was persuaded to take a fortnight's holiday, spending it at Brighton,

from whence he returned looking decidedly better for the rest and change.

The picture hung in its accustomed place in the study, for Agatha had not dared to order its removal, but she noted with satisfaction that her husband appeared to avoid his usual retreat, smoking his customary cigar after dinner at the table, and afterwards joining her in the drawing-room.

The next day he returned to harness, settling down between the shafts with fresh vigour.

Hobson congratulated himself upon the improved condition of his favourite, and the past was forgotten in the close handshake of friendship exchanged between them.

The next week passed smoothly, and unmarked by any outburst of irritability on his part, either at home or at the office, and Agatha ceased to watch him so anxiously, taking up her usual pursuits with renewed cheerfulness.

But now began a system of espionage on MacIlvray's part, practised in regard to his unsuspecting wife, and carried out with an almost dogged persistence in the dearth of incriminating evidence. He overhauled her letters, her private drawers, and accounts, sometimes following her out of the house for a considerable distance, unobserved, always returning unsuccessful in his object, but still unconvinced; until at length, one day, his suspicions seemed about to be verified; for unexpectedly he came upon his wife and Mr. Hobson walking together in the Kensington Gardens. They did not appear in the least confused by the *contretemps*, hailing him with effusion.

MacIlvray walked beside the pair, one hand thrust jauntily into his pocket, the other twirling his stick, somewhat to the danger of passers by. His brain was in a perfect whirl of exciting doubts, all tending towards a conclusion which seemed inevitable to his disordered imagination.

After Hobson had left them, refusing a joint invitation to dinner, MacIlvray prided himself on the outward stoicism of his demeanour. Agatha appeared in good spirits, chatting gaily, and even venturing upon an unnecessary familiarity, which jarred upon his nerves.

He broke away from her and sought refuge in his study.

Agatha, still innocent of any cause of offence against her in her husband's mind, went upstairs to change her walking dress. She opened her wardrobe, carefully selecting a dinner gown which suited her well; the open throat and long transparent sleeves revealed the fairness and fine texture of her skin; her light brown hair was dressed in waving bands above her ears, and massed at the nape of her neck; and this style, however trying to most women, lent itself to a natural distinction which she possessed.

Not a detail of her toilet was



"SHE FELT UNUTTERABLY SAD AND LONELY."

lost upon her husband, who watched her with brooding eyes, until she became conscious of an awkward constraint in the manner of his replies, and growing nervous beneath his dark glance, she crumbled her bread between her fingers, relapsing into silence. Her sudden pallor and restlessness did not escape him; his brain was on fire, and it was with difficulty he controlled a savage impulse which goaded him to tear off the laces and gew-gaws with which she had decked her sweet person, and trample them beneath his heel.

When the maid had laid dessert and left the room, closing the door softly behind her, he helped himself to a pear, which he peeled very carefully, offering half to Agatha; but she declined it, excusing herself on the plea of a slight headache. She went up to the drawing-room presently, and stood against the frame of the open French windows, looking out into the soft white light of the evening dusk, and listening to the sad rustling of the leaves in the Park beyond as the breezes stirred them. She felt unutterably sad and lonely. A man with a tenor voice began to sing in the street below; his song of deathless love and passion floated up to her, and then she became aware of MacIlvray's presence in the room behind her.

She turned round, poising between the lights, and she saw that his face was white and wild; in his hand he held something which glittered, then flashed, and she saw a wreath of smoke curling upwards towards the pink and gold ceiling; the tenor voice still reached her ears, but faintly, as from a distance; a sharp pain rent her breast, she clasped her hands convulsively above the gossamer laces, then stretched them out into space, the vast, rolling, boundless space she saw Beyond.

When she fell forward upon her face MacIlvray came nearer, and stood gazing down upon her. How pitifully still she was . . . a light breeze blowing in upon the recumbent figure lifted a long tendiril of rich brown hair, the blue satin skirt trailing in a wisp along the carpet . . . no word, but silence . . . a silence that was eternal . . .

He grasped this fact, and so panic-stricken rushed from the room into his study, while the loud clanging of the door behind him resounded through the house, startling the gossiping maids below stairs.

On the walls of the study hung the painted head of the Borgia; her eyes met his that were filled with a mute agonising passion of entreaty, and still they seemed to compel him. There was another bullet left in the second barrel to put him out of his misery.





HAILEYBURY, FROM THE MASTERS' POND

## ACORNS OF ENGLAND

WRITTEN BY K. F. PURDON

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



HOSE interested in following the fortunes of the "School-boys Three," who have been "stalking" their way into the hearts of the reading public, have probably been occasionally puzzled by the conversations in which these worthies discussed the doings and opinions which have made them famous.

Nor is this to be wondered at. Boys at English public schools are a race apart, and not in point of numbers only. They have language, customs, and even laws of their own, many of them caviare to the general—utterly incomprehensible to outsiders. But they exist, notwithstanding, and are a factor to be reckoned with by any one dealing with that family of the human race yclept the British Boy.

It is the hall-mark of genius to appeal to humanity at large. Every school-boy who has read of Stalky and Co.—and who has not?—probably localises them among the academic scenes he has himself adorned. Old Haileyburians are firm in declaring that theirs is the college described; and this, although there are many allusions to sea-bathing, wrecked vessels, and other maritime attractions to which Haileybury can lay no claim.

Haileybury is very inland indeed. Its

surroundings have the peculiar homelike charm of English rural scenery, with the "pretty pastoral walks" immortalised by Charles Lamb in his "Mackery End, in Hertfordshire." "Still the air breathed balmily" about bright little Hertford, a typical English country town, as we passed through it, noticing, as we went, the queer old building which is a preparatory school for Christ's Hospital. Outside, in niches, and on the pillars of the gateway, are quaint carved figures of children in the costume of *temp.* Edward VI. The half-hour's drive thence to Haileybury, along deep country roads, smooth and well kept, conveys an impression of smiling, stable peace and prosperity. The rich pastures are skirted by trim hedges; here and there are huge century-old oaks or elms. One notices woods and copses just turning to autumnal tints beneath the September sun—less attractive to the enthusiastic egg-collector now than early in the year, when a bird's nest is possible beneath every tender spray, and notices to trespassers are ignored as intolerable restrictions.

A dark-skinned youth—a "native," who, we learn later, is a Siamese Prince,—scorches past us on his bike down a hill, at the foot of which we turn into one of the two fine avenues, between

rows of horse chestnuts leading to Haileybury College.

We stop at the broad, arched entrance, and peep into what Haileybury "men" (strange to say, there are no boys at that school) declare to be the finest public school quadrangle in England. It may well be; but what most strikes us is the home-like, cheery look of the two-storeyed square, with roses and chrysanthemums flourishing, and the walls patched irregularly with the gold and crimson of the Virginian creeper in its autumn glory. The perfection of the grass plots, too, is remarkable. To be sure, they are intersected in every direction by broad paths. But the temptation must be as strong for Haileybury "men" as for ordinary mortals, to feel this soft turf underfoot; yet it is unprofaned by a single step. The nominal fine with which it is said that a breach of the "keep-off-the-grass" rule would be punished, can hardly be sufficient, unless, as is likely, it is backed up by one of the unwritten laws of Haileybury, the rigid observance of which would gratify advocates of Home Rule. These laws are many, and puzzling, but they are powerful, being rigidly enforced by the students, who are the makers of them.

It is now half-past twelve, and boys are pouring out of every door in a ceaseless stream, like bees from a hive, and wandering about in the busy, yet, apparently, aimless way, of those exemplary insects.

"Why," we ask, when our own bright particular star has dawned upon us, detaching himself from the common herd with a leisurely nonchalance not in accordance with the greeting we receive in the privacy of the porter's lodge—"why are all the little fellows keeping to the edge of the paths?" We are told that it would be "beastly insolence" of them to do anything else, as they are "new governors," that is, they are putting in their first year. This is another of the boys' laws; unlike those of the Medes and Persians, they vary, though not often. A prefect's meeting, for instance, has been called to decide such a point as whether the "new governors" are to wear their collars in or outside their jackets. This was,

probably an exceptional occasion. "New governors" have many laws to learn; they must be careful to wear their caps well over their eyes—the jaunty set at the back of the head, called "wearing side," is not for them. At Bedford Grammar School it is just the other way about. It would be "cheek" there for a youngster to draw his cap forward, and woe betide the new-comer who infringes either rule!

A "new governor" must not stare at the prefects or any of the fifteen. He must not swagger about with hands in his pockets or in the quad.; and to eat buns or oranges there, or while watching foreign matches, is a fearful breach of etiquette, and punished accordingly.

Now we are taken round. We see the library and the pretty chapel, where a small boy is practising the organ. The walls bear many tablets to former pupils, at which we look, though some of us are more interested in seeing the exact spot occupied by our own boy during the daily service, than in these "foot-prints on the sands of time." And Haileybury has furnished her quota of good men and true for the service of Queen and Country. Originally established as a training college for the East India Company's service, it is not surprising to learn that many Haileyburians were heroes of the Indian Mutiny.

The great John Lawrence was a student here. A tablet to his glorious memory is placed in one of the dormitories. We are told that he brought with him from the north of Ireland the art of making bonfires, and initiated his school-fellows into the joys thereof. That, and that he was somewhat lazy, and that the elder boys were great swells then, driving tandem and smoking, and that when late back from these vagaries they used to swarm over a huge iron gate surmounted with six-inch spikes, turning every way like the flaming sword of Eden—these are all the traditions extant of the Indian hero—a paucity of early promise that should bring comfort to the despondent parent of the average boy.

A number of Haileyburians receive a certain amount of military training, being enrolled in a corps averaging



some 150 members. This is known as the Haileybury College Rifle Volunteer Corps. The boys drill twice a week, and wear a scarlet uniform with white facings. They go into camp at Aldershot for a week, at the end of July, and sometimes also send a small section to the Easter manoeuvres. This body of young soldiers is called a "cadet corps," and is attached to the 1st Volunteer Battalion of the Bedford Regiment.

We are shown round the carpenters' and blacksmiths' shops, where boys can learn what will be useful, anyhow, but is particularly intended for future colonists. The wash-house, where sixteen women are constantly at work, is admirable, but the heat is too fierce for lengthy inspection.

The kitchens show an immense open fire-place, where thirty joints can hang at once to roast, supplemented by gas-stoves; huge boilers for tea and coffee, great cauldrons for vegetables, and steam apparatus for fish. Six hundred persons are catered for here every day.

The feeding, indeed all the arrangements, are very simple—almost Spartan. Our Boy, however, probably voices the general sentiment of the school when he says "It's good enough."

With the oft-discussed question of the feeding at public schools an outsider cannot deal. Things are probably changed for the better since Lamb wrote of the Christ's Hospital "porritch, blue and tasteless—the pease-soup coarse and choking—the scanty mutton crags—the strong, coarse, boiled meats *unsalted*." Yet there is still room for improvement. It seems anomalous, nowadays, when such stress is laid upon diet as a factor in the mental as well as physical development of the young, and destitute School Board children are being fed with excellent results, at the public expense, that such very usual breakfast adjuncts as eggs or bacon can only be obtained on additional payment being tacked on.

Demand creates supply, and the store-closet in the study to which we are now conducted, is well provided. We were ungrateful, indeed, did we find fault with the system which renders possible the hospitality we now enjoy.

The Head is believed to hold the thing in abhorrence, but even he has not yet interfered with the cozy, jolly evening "Brews." There are serious abuses connected with them, but old customs are hard to fight, and nothing in after life will have the flavour of the scrambled eggs, the sausages and bacon, and the never-to-be-forgotten grouse cooked at the study fire.

We look from the windows; football has been in progress this afternoon, Big Side playing in a beautiful field, skirted by magnificent oaks, the younger boys in grounds large enough to accommodate eight or ten sets at once. It is all over now, and, hot and dirty, they are trooping back. The big boys and prefects—the upper-crust, in fact—can have a hot bath, a privilege not shared by the "new governors." Again the beautiful quad. fairly hums with boy-life, here and there among the swarm, are busy little workers, fags, bearing steaming kettles, cakes, plates of bread and butter, and all the etceteras incidental to afternoon tea; for though bullying is pretty well a thing of the past, fagging survives.

Our Boy looks back upon that stage of his career with chastened satisfaction. "It does you lots of good," he thinks, "if a big chap that has no right to fag you, stops you on your way to P.T. (private tuition), and then you get punished by your master for being late; well, you've got to grin and bear it, and that larns you to be a toad!"

With these words he leans from the open window and beckons to a small boy with cap meekly over his eyes. This fag is despatched to the grub-shop with some money and a list, and presently returns, bearing huge supplies of cake and milk, and then the kettle is boiled on the study fire and tea is made, and we look around, and recognise the curtains and photos and other adornments as familiar objects. For they have all been sent from home, where, indeed, they were probably contemplated with indifference. Here, however, they take on a priceless worth. They are outward and visible signs of an existence where a fellow is something more than one of a number, a condition that is a miserable necessity in every

THE CRICKET  
PAVILION,  
HAILEYBURY



large community of human beings, where individuality cannot be recognised.

We are apt to consider school-boys as of but one type, careless, cheerful young human animals, but, like the immortal "Brer Rabbit" and his friends, "dey has deir ups, and dey has deir downs." They are sometimes tired when a swarming, noisy school-room is not an ideal resting-place; sometimes sad and discouraged, when, like their elders, nothing seems so desirable as the wings of a dove, and the peace of being far away.

There is no misery of later years keener than the home-sickness of a school-boy. "I felt myself alone," says Lamb, "among six hundred playmates. O, the cruelty of separating a poor lad from his early homestead! The yearnings which I used to have towards it in those unfledged years!" But the separation is often inevitable, and the young bird must try his wings.

It is the longing for something with a flavour of home about it, that makes a study at Haileybury such a coveted possession. About one-fourth of the boys, when they have reached a certain standing in the school, may hope for this luxury.

It will be remembered that the immortal number Five held three inmates. Haileybury studies accommodate from one to four. Here, again, in the matter of the studies, the boys are, to a great extent, a law unto themselves. One would imagine admission to them being

the reward of industry, or some other form of school-boy virtue. Not a bit of it! It rests with the boys themselves. A clique is formed, often months beforehand, to watch a study likely to fall vacant. The members of this clique hold together, and bide their time. A good deal of finessing is often necessary. A possible study may be broken up by an outsider with a stronger following of his own, and the future leader of a political party may score his first success here.

There is a curious atmosphere of liberty as well as restraint, in a big English school. Within certain limits, every boy has freedom—the elder ones a good deal of authority. The prefects are largely responsible for the tone and conduct of the younger boys; if they see them "slacking about" out of school hours, they get up a "run," or make them do something. On the whole, the prefects, one of whose privileges it is to carry a walking-stick, use their power well, and the sense of responsibility is potent in the development of character.

If they cane a junior, there is probably good reason for the discipline. And while they exact obedience from the boys beneath them in the school, they look for a certain respect from the masters for themselves. One feels a certain sympathy with the prefect at a public school who, indignant at an insulting reproof in public from his master, demanded an apology, on pain of a complaint to the head. It is

pleasant to be assured, that a better state of things resulted, and no ill-will was created. There is no more truly English characteristic than the desire to "have it out" and then shake hands.

Haileybury tradition tells of a boy who, having done badly in his term exam., was ordered to remain a day later than the others at breaking-up, before leaving for good. He deliberately determined to disregard this, and had himself and his belongings packed into a cab, when his form-master appeared, and ordered him back. He defied the mandate, with insulting gestures, before a number of by-standers, and drove away. But when he reached his destination in Germany, a telegram awaited him, ordering him back on pain of public disgrace for breach of discipline. He was intended for the army, and decided to submit.

No earthly power is more absolute in its sphere, than that wielded by the Head of an English public school. That it is exercised with extraordinary tact and wisdom is shown by the loving and unquestioning loyalty he inspires.

Stalky & Co. accept without resentment the caning, which the Head himself declares to be a "flagrant injustice."

No human system is infallible. A thoughtful lad who worships his own mother, has said that at a big school "they all behave as badly as they can, there are no ladies to restrain them."

The New Woman may, ere long, invade the sanctity of the common room, and try her hand at the reformation of the studies. But the light and sweetness possible therefrom are no more valuable than the grit, the self-reliance, the manly, silent submission to the powers that be, whether prefect or master, resulting from the present rough-and-tumble of public-school life.

The Acorns of England do no good in a hot-house, but buffeted by the breezes of fag-dom and house-rows, of drill and gym. and compulsory games, they flourish and grow into sturdy hearts-of-oak, ready to do their share on the wooden walls of England, or wherever else the safety of the dear old flag demands their devotion, and able to give a good account of themselves at home or abroad.





## A TRUE STORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL

WRITTEN BY RUSSELL PHILLIPS ILLUSTRATED BY LEONARD M. NOBLE

**I**N relating the following curious story, it has been my endeavour to describe the various incidents as they actually occurred, and, having obtained the permission of the persons chiefly concerned to make the facts public, I leave my readers to offer what explanation they can of the extraordinary sequence of events which came quite recently under my own immediate notice, and which will be found narrated in the following pages.

A little more than a month before writing this, having been ordered rest and change of air, I gladly accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a few days at his place in Hampshire,

which, situated as it is on the borders of a pine wood, and distant about three miles from the sea, was just the spot in which to regain health and vigour.

Upon my arrival, I was delighted to find three other visitors in the house besides myself; a Mrs. Ranleigh, one of the most charming and up-to-date old ladies imaginable, an artist named Dickson, whom I had met once or twice before, and his college chum, Walter Darrell, a fine, athletic young fellow, of six-and-twenty, who was, I was given to understand, an author of some promise, his literary efforts having already met with appreciation in the right quarters.

We were a merry party, and the first

few days passed pleasantly enough, my returning energies enabling me to enjoy to the full the opportunities of taking out-of-door exercise which the bright spring weather afforded us.

One morning, young Darrell, returning from his accustomed bicycle ride, burst into the library in a state of great excitement, having heard in the village strange stories concerning Grantlebury Grange, a house not more than eight miles distant, which had been untenanted for many years, owing, it was said, to a weird prophecy in connection with two skulls, which were still to be found in one of the rooms of the house. The prophecy, as far as he could make out, ran as follows:—"If anyone buried the skulls, everything within a mile would die, and if anyone touched or meddled with the skulls, they would within twelve hours pass through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death."

The former part of the prophecy was known to have been fulfilled more than once, and the latter on three distinct occasions, and, in consequence, so great was the horror and dread of the place, that nobody had dared to approach it for years.

Darrell was especially interested in what he had heard, for he was just then engaged upon a story dealing with supernatural events, and he expressed a determination, at all hazards, to visit Grantlebury Grange, which, he felt sure, would afford him excellent matter for his new book.

My uncle, who was busily engaged upon a sketch at the far end of the room when Darrell had entered, left his easel as the latter finished speaking, and walking towards the window, he remained there in silence for a few moments; then, turning abruptly to Darrell, he remarked sharply that he would be extremely annoyed if any guest of his went to Grantlebury Grange from his house, and in fact, expressed himself so strongly upon the subject, that we all thought it wise to let the matter drop for the time.

As soon as my uncle left the room, however, the conversation was resumed, and I was not a little annoyed to find that Darrell, in spite of my uncle's somewhat violent opposition, was fully

resolved upon carrying out his intention of visiting Grantlebury Grange, the opportunity, he said, was not one to be missed.

After dinner that evening, as we all sat round the fire in the library, the night having closed in damp and chilly, my uncle startled us by suddenly referring to the episode of the morning, and, partly I imagine, as an apology to Darrell for the severity of his tone on that occasion, and partly as an explanation of his conduct, he, with a certain amount of hesitation unusual in him, related to us the following facts.

Many years ago Grantlebury Grange was the property of the De Beausarts, an old and wealthy family, whose reputation, however, did not appear to have been of a particularly enviable nature, and the story ran, that the beautiful Lady De Beausart had been the cause of a duel to the death, between her husband and his intimate friend, and, so great had been the fury of the combatants, that in the course of the fight, part of the scalp of the one, and the chin of the other was cut clean away, and the two men were found in the morning lying dead amidst pools of blood in the dining-room, where they had fought. The whole household appears to have fled terror-stricken from the place, and nothing more was ever heard of the wife, but the most gruesome part of the story was that the bodies of the unfortunate combatants were never buried, and the terrible curse or prophecy—call it what you will—of which Darrell had been informed that morning, had been in existence ever since, and authenticated instances could be produced at the present day, where the prophecy had been fulfilled in so remarkable a manner, that the superstitious horror with which the place was regarded was fully accounted for.

My uncle went on to tell us how, when quite a lad, he had been taken, at his own express desire, to see the house, concerning which he had heard so many strange rumours, and he well remembered, he said, the terrible scene of desolation which presented itself as he peered through the great iron gates which stood some way back from the

high road. The grass had grown to the height of several feet, and what had once been the carriage road, was a tangled mass of thistles and weeds of every description, the unlopped branches of the trees stretching out their twisted limbs in all directions, while in the distance, just a little to the left, rose the dark grey gables of the Grange, and its tall chimneys towering high above the trees.

The whole place gave one the impression of intense dreariness and melancholy, and this was further enhanced by the deathlike stillness which prevailed, no sign of bird life, or of the existence of any living creature being apparent.

My uncle frankly admitted that the uncanny aspect of the place and its surroundings produced an extraordinary effect upon his nerves, so much so, that he felt no desire to make any further explorations, and, he added, he had never been able to shake off the feeling of indefinable dread which seized him as he left the place. Reason how he would, he could not rid himself of the idea that disaster would inevitably overtake anyone placing themselves within the reach of the fateful prophecy, and he had resolved to do his utmost to prevent any intending visitor to Grantlebury Grange from setting foot in the accursed place!

Our host here paused for a few moments, then looking across at Darrell, he said earnestly, "And now, Walter, I want you to promise me that you will give up the idea of going on this mad expedition. Believe me I have my reasons for asking you to do so, and I feel sure you will respect my wishes." Darrell made some laughing reply, which I did not catch, and Mrs. Ranleigh, observing that the hour was growing late, we all rose and parted for the night.

The next morning broke fine and cloudless, and, as was the custom of the house, we all went our several ways, being given perfect freedom to spend the morning as we pleased, until lunch time. Darrell, however, volunteered the information that he intended riding over to Sheel to visit an uncle, who was the rector of the parish, and if he could induce his cousin, Dick Bravington,

who had just returned from India, to accompany him, they would probably go for a spin together, in which case he would not return until late in the afternoon.

My uncle did not look particularly pleased, I thought, but he said nothing, and it was not until some time after Darrell's departure that it suddenly flashed across my mind that Sheel was on the Grantlebury road. The idea, however, that the two young men would make the Grange their destination, I endeavoured to dismiss at once from my mind, but the impression I had previously formed of Darrell's determined nature, forced itself upon me, and I could not help feeling more and more uneasy as the afternoon wore on.

My uncle, too, I noticed, appeared nervous and depressed, but we did not exchange our views upon the subject which I felt sure was uppermost in both our minds.

It was with a feeling of intense relief, therefore, that soon after half-past six o'clock the cheery ring of a bicycle bell was heard, and Darrell entered the house, and went straight up to his room to dress for dinner, which was at seven o'clock, and always most punctually served.

Being dressed in good time for once, I tapped at Darrell's door before going downstairs, and, receiving permission to enter, at once proceeded to set my doubts at rest as to how his day had been spent; imagine my dismay when I found that his cousin Dick Bravington, having been regaled at lunch with the whole story of Grantlebury Grange, had insisted on having an afternoon's sport—as he expressed it—and the other's scruples having been eventually overcome they had set forth and reached the "Grange" about four o'clock.

They found the massive iron gates firmly barred, but the walls having in many places given way, they soon succeeded in getting through into the grounds, and after a tough battle with the thick undergrowth, which made their progress somewhat difficult, they at length reached the house.

An entrance was effected through a side door, which, at a vigorous kick from Bravington, fell with a crash from its

hinges, and ascending a dark and dismal staircase, lighted by one small window, so covered with dust and cobwebs as to be hardly discernible, they found themselves in a large square hall from which several doors led off.

One of the doors was observed to be slightly open, and after a certain amount of persuasion, it turned creaking and groaning upon its rusty hinges, and the young explorers, amidst a cloud of dust, and the scuttling of many rats, entered.

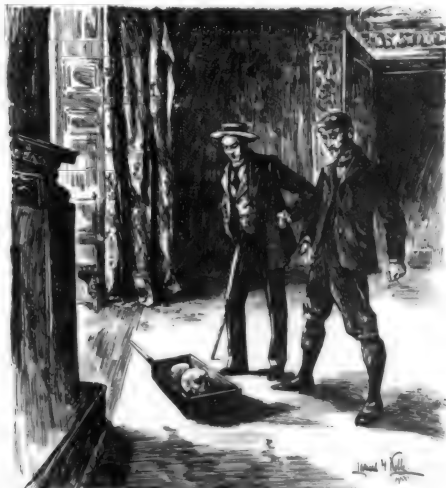
The whole atmosphere of the place breathed ruin and decay, and with a feeling of curiosity, not unmingled with awe, they glanced round the room in silence.

There were still the remains of furniture and hangings, which had probably, in their day, been handsome enough, but now the tapestry hung in shreds upon the walls, and the high-backed chairs looked as though a touch would send them tottering to the ground.

After inspecting the various objects for a few moments, Bravington made a sudden move towards the mantelpiece, and in the fading light they were able to discern a square-looking object standing upon it, which appeared to be a box about two feet square, but so covered with dust that it was impossible to tell of what it was made.

Bravington motioned to Darrell to assist him in lifting the box from its position, and together they carried it to the window and placed it upon the floor. It proved to be extremely light, and upon further examination was found to possess a lid, made evidently of glass, from which, as they raised it, the dust fell in cakes. A sight then met their eyes which recalled vividly the gruesome legend connected with the place in which they found themselves. They both involuntarily stepped back a pace, for there, at the bottom of the box, lay the dreaded skulls, bearing plainly

"THERE, AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE BOX,  
LAY THE DREADED  
SKULLS"



enough the strange marks of violence of which my Uncle had spoken in his story of the night before.

They felt slightly startled, but quickly recovering themselves, they proceeded to examine minutely the hideous objects before them, until, feeling convinced that nothing more remained to be seen, they closed the lid, and the box was restored to its original position.

Darrell had just reached this point in his narrative, when we were recalled to things mundane by the sound of the dinner-gong, and, with a hurried assurance from me that I would not mention what I had just heard, we descended with all haste to the dining-room.

Dinner passed off quietly, but I observed that my Uncle studiously avoided questioning Darrell as to the route he and his cousin had chosen for their ride, and even after Mrs. Ranleigh had left the table, no allusion was made to it.

It must have been about nine o'clock when we entered the drawing-room, and our host had just finished showing us some interesting sketches of Rouen, which he had made during his stay there in the summer, when I noticed Darrell approach my Uncle, and, remarking in a low tone that he was going into the conservatory to smoke a cigarette, he left the room.

Not more than twenty minutes could have elapsed before I detected certain signs of commotion about the house, and soon hurried footsteps were heard approaching, and Mrs. Barber, the housekeeper, white, and trembling, appeared at the door, and in a terror-stricken voice gasped out, "Oh, Sir, come at once, Mr. Darrell is dead."

With a stifled cry of horror, we all followed my Uncle upstairs, and there, sure enough, was young Darrell stretched upon the floor, to all appearances perfectly lifeless.

The body was rigid as a corpse, and the jaw so firmly set that all our efforts to force brandy between the clenched teeth were unavailing.

My Uncle, who appeared completely unnerved, shook his head despairingly, and, bending over the prostrate figure, muttered, "What a fulfilment! What a terrible fulfilment!" then, controlling

himself with an effort, he gave directions to the housekeeper as to the means to be employed in endeavouring to restore animation. The body was immediately stripped and wrapped in hot blankets, poultices were placed under the heart, the limbs were chafed, and hot-water bottles applied to the feet; in fact, every remedy that could be suggested was tried, but all in vain; no sign of returning life being discernible.

The gardener, who had been despatched to the nearest village for a doctor, returned in about half-an-hour, bringing the physician with him, and with breathless anxiety we awaited the verdict.

After making a thorough examination, the Doctor pronounced it to be a case of a most unusual kind, and, whilst expressing his conviction that life was not actually extinct, held out little hope of ultimate recovery, declaring that the spark of life which remained was so infinitesimally small, that it might go out at any moment.

All we could do, he said, was to continue the treatment already commenced, and wait patiently for any change that might take place. Promising to return at an early hour the following morning, he departed.

Throughout the whole of that night we continued the chafing of the limbs, and with untiring perseverance applied the poultices and hot-water bottles, but, as the hours dragged slowly by, our task appeared to become more and more hopeless. Never shall I forget the anxiety and suspense of that long vigil; we all watched by the bedside, and it was not until the cold grey light of dawn began to creep through the window blinds, that my poor Uncle could be induced to relinquish his post and take a rest on the sofa, which had been brought into the room for that purpose.

It must have been past seven o'clock, and the candles were beginning to assume a sickly pallor in the morning light, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a slight tremor which ran through the hitherto motionless figure at my side; eagerly bending over the rigid ashen face, I was overjoyed to catch a faint sound of breathing, which had been, up to that point, quite inaudible.



Making a sign to dear old Mrs. Barber, the housekeeper, who was watching at the bedside with me, we once more endeavoured to force brandy between the closed teeth, this time with more success, and gradually signs of returning life became apparent.

It was soon after this that an incident occurred which I cannot help regarding as absolutely providential.

Mrs. Barber, I remember, was leaning over the bed rearranging the pillows, and just as she was gently raising Darrell's head in order to place it in a more comfortable position, she said to me in a half whisper, "If only he could cry, it would relieve the brain." At that moment Darrell's eyes opened, and seeing the kind, motherly face bending over him, it seemed to recall some incident in his early life, connected with a

dear old nurse he had lost, and murmuring faintly, "O Mimi, Mimi, have you come back to me in my trouble," a convulsive fit of sobbing seized him, which lasted for some minutes, and was terribly painful to witness. This was followed by such utter prostration, that we again feared that the spark of life was, after all, to be extinguished.

Such, however, was not the case, and when the Doctor arrived, he said that a crisis had been reached, and with great care Darrell might possibly pull through.

The morning passed, bringing little change in the patient's condition, and it was not until about four o'clock in the afternoon that Darrell showed further signs of returning consciousness, and his eyes unclosed.

For some moments he gazed round upon us, wonderingly, then, as if an



"LYING ACROSS HIS BED APPARENTLY DEAD"

idea suddenly flashed across him, he said in an anxious whisper, "Where is Dick? I want to see Dick."

My Uncle, realizing the importance of gratifying the slightest wish of the sick man, begged Dickson to ride over at once to Sheel, and bring back young Bravington with as little delay as possible, and we awaited their return with some impatience, as Darrell appeared to become more and more restless.

And now comes the curious part of my story. After an absence of about an hour and a half, Dickson returned alone, bringing the news that he had found the Rectory household in a state of the greatest agitation and alarm, young Bravington having been found in the morning, by the servant who went to call him, lying across his bed apparently dead, and only towards the after-

noon had he shown signs of returning life. The Doctor, who had been called in, stated that he was in a most critical condition, and at the present moment, he lay hovering between life and death.

Thus was the strange prophecy in both cases fulfilled, and it only remains for me to add that the two young men, who, in so remarkable a manner "passed through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," are even now suffering from the effects of their extraordinary experience, although more than a month has elapsed since the events above narrated took place.

The facts of this story, I beg to remind my readers, are absolutely and entirely true in every detail. As to the explanation, I must leave that to others; I confess it completely baffles me.





NORMAN FONT, ST. CATHERINE'S

*From Photo by Rev. C. F. METCALFE*

WRITTEN BY "GLENAVON"  
SIDE  
LIGHTS  
ON  
SOMERSETSHIRE  
No. III.  
A  
CHAT  
ABOUT  
CHURCHES

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**H**APPY is the man, or woman, who possesses a hobby, and likewise the knowledge of riding it properly, so that while thoroughly enjoying himself he may never become a source of annoyance to other people.

Now hobbies are of every size,  
And shape, and colour, so be wise ;  
Select one suited to your purse,  
Or else your hobby 'll prove a curse.

That genial sportsman, and delightful novelist, Major Whyte Melville, looking back on the pleasures of past years, says :—

" I have lived my life—I am nearly done,  
I have played the game all round.  
But I freely admit that the best of my fun  
I owe it to horse and hound ; "

and I am so far of his opinion that a love for horses and dogs has ever been my ruling passion, but as circumstances have placed the enjoyment of this hobby practically beyond my reach, I suppose that my architectural expeditions have afforded me more pleasure than anything else since the time—some twenty

years ago—when I first began to think that Parker, Bloxam, and that ilk were more enthralling writers than Miss Braddon or Harrison Ainsworth.

Archæology is an ideal hobby for persons of much leisure and small means, for does not

Each country village boast a church,  
Which probably repays our search,  
With lancet arch, or Norman tower,  
A knightly tomb, or carved " ball flower " ?

This study not only provides an object for many a delightful country ride or ramble, but should one happen to be staying in any ancient town, a wet day, instead of being voted an unmitigated bore, may be hailed with delight, as allowing time for pleasant dallying in the abbey, cathedral, or the old parish church ; there to read the records of the past as writ in stone :

" . . . let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
And love the high embowèd roof,  
With antic pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light."

*Il Penseroso.*

The study of architecture has this

advantage, that sufficient knowledge to enable a beginner to pick out the broad distinguishing features of the Saxon, Norman, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular styles is easily obtainable, though a lifetime scarcely suffices to bring one to that pitch of learning which consists in being able to "take moldings" with accuracy, and to give (to within a quarter of a century) the date of any portion of an ancient edifice by considering the workmanship of its materials, be they wood, stone, brick, iron, or plaster. Of course a kindred spirit should be at hand to discuss, to contradict, "to answer to your thoughts, as the anvil meets the hammer, ringing sound to merry stroke," for there is nothing so enjoyable as a solitude *à deux*, but failing this I far prefer my own society to the company of a crowd. I have on occasions suffered greatly at the hands of a party of excursionists with their irritating indifference, or their still more objectionable self-sufficiency. Sometimes they provoke one to mirth, but more frequently to anger. In that most glorious chapel of the "Nine Altars," at Durham—a piece of Early English work which is probably unique, and which stirs the inmost soul by its purity of design and its lofty aspiration—I once heard an intelligent tourist observe for the edification of the rest of us: "Ah yes, it is certainly very good, *of its kind*!" as if he had been a grocer sampling Dorset butter, or a picture dealer chaffering over a Dutch "interior." Surely that is the kind of faint praise which damns the individual who utters it, in hopes of hiding the "vasty deep" of his ignorance under an assumption of patronage! Equally annoying, as a rule, is the hireling guide, who hurries your reluctant feet through chapel and crypt, as if he were driving sheep to market, the while he points out with unction those wholly unimportant details which nobody cares about, and reels off dates like a machine, till his words become a mere noise which distracts the attention from matters of interest, and utterly destroys all sense of repose and reverence. Ignorance is not contemptible when accompanied by a humble desire to learn, which is the reason that

an intelligent interest evinced with regard to a subject will often be rewarded by the unbending of a master mind, and a clever man sometimes waxes enthusiastic when talking to an ignorant but sympathetic listener, while the words of explanation would be frozen on his lips in the chilling atmosphere of self-satisfaction.

When we compare one church with another, as opportunity presents itself, each county will be found to possess some architectural characteristics of its own. In Sussex there are numberless small churches which have marvellously escaped the inroads of the "restorer," and which consequently rejoice the heart of an antiquarian or an artist. Churches which nestle into sheltered hollows of the South Downs with their shingle spires, or Norman towers, all mellowed and softened by time till they look almost as if they had grown out of the surrounding scenery of which they form an integral part. A peculiarity of Sussex churches is the frequent employment of faced flints in their construction, and a considerable number of these old churches—even if outwardly Perpendicular in appearance—bear



FIFTEENTH CENTURY TOWER, NORTON ST.  
PHILLIP'S, SOMERSETSHIRE  
*From Photo by Col. SEALY, Bathurst*

traces of far earlier workmanship, many of them boasting such characteristics of Saxon masonry as "long and short" work at the angles, baluster shafts dividing round-headed windows, pilaster strips on the walls, triangular arched doorways, etc., while Norman details are of frequent occurrence. Norman doors are usually richly sculptured, and probably on this account were often retained when the churches were re-built—as hundreds were—in mediæval times, to accommodate an increased population. Norman fonts also are not rare, and remain in many churches to this day, having been spared because of their sanctity.

The West Country is noted for its fine Perpendicular towers, which are as a rule lofty and well proportioned. "Somersetshire, indeed, is rich in churches of the fifteenth century, of the

Perpendicular style, with lofty towers more or less covered with panel work, and the spires are few." In this county, too, numerous specimens of wood screen-work of the Perpendicular period remain in a good state of preservation; there are comparatively few screens now existing of a date antecedent to the fifteenth century. In some instances the carved wood (and stone) pulpits and screens of this date are elaborately painted and gilt.

If I were asked to name the most interesting church in Somersetshire, I think I should mention that of St. John the Baptist, Frome-Selwood, which is, as everybody knows, intimately connected with good Bishop Ken, and which, in its present state, may be considered as a sacred monument of the Rev. William James Early Bennett, by whom this sanctuary of now world-

THE CHANCEL, ST. JOHN'S  
CHURCH, FROME-SELWOOD  
*From Photo by Miss BAILY, Frome*



wide fame, was made once again worthy of its name. The one pervading characteristic of this beautiful building is the feature of intense devotion. The following description, given years ago in answer to an enquiry about the church, is worthy of repetition here: "Well it is most beautiful, with this charm about it, which is less felt in some churches, that it invites you to pray in every corner." The spirit of devotion was the spirit of the Restoration, it was the spirit which inspired him who planned the work, and laboured incessantly for its completion, "He impressed it—God grant indelibly—upon every thing which he did for the Church." From 1862 to 1877, no less than £16,439 17s. 9½d. was expended on the necessary repairs of the fabric alone; all the ornamental work, the unique Via Crucis, the painted glass, the sculptures, the chapels, and other works of decoration, are the private thank-offerings of loving hearts. The parishioners responded nobly to the call of their energetic vicar for contributions. When the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett undertook the spiritual charge of this parish, the first aspect of the church was anything but prepossessing. I will quote a description of the building (as it appeared in 1852) from the local guide-book: "In the external view there was the church-yard filled up high with nettles and rank growing grass; mounds of graves piled up to such an extent as to be far above the base moldings of the church; and the walls in consequence mouldering into rottenness. There was the tower bulging out from its foundations, the spire inclining on one side, and in the roof the beams in several places separated from the walls which were meant to support them. There was the chancel arch with gaping rents on each side showing that it was parting from the tower; and there was the north wall bearing down upon the hill, and carrying the pillars of the aisle along with it. These pillars, and indeed the whole arcade on the north side, were evidently overwhelmed with the weight of the huge gallery above them, while at the same time they were undermined by the numerous vaults in which the dead lay buried be-

neath. Calculating from the parish books that there were upon an average three or four burials in a year within the walls of the church, there must have been at least a thousand corpses lying beneath the pavement of the church buried there since the Reformation. How many before that, who can tell? All these burials had made the earth below the church as it were a honey-comb. There was no foundation left. It seemed as though all were a ruinous heap.

"Then for the interior—the arrangements for the worship of God. There was the reading desk situated about the centre of the church, on the south side midway between the west door and the chancel, the clerk's desk below it; and, leading up by steps, the pulpit above it. Into this reading desk or pew the vicar was conducted, and after the ceremony of 'reading in,' the matins being concluded, he was further led on to the chancel. From the steps of the altar he read the first part of the Communion Service; there was no idea that he was to continue the service to the end, or that any one was to communicate. It was the old style of the 'Missa Sicca,' which many of us too well remember as forming the usual so-called 'Communion' service, called 'Communion' because there was no opportunity for any one to communicate! Pews of various dimensions and shapes surrounded him on all sides, some oblong, some square, some circular. The pews from the west door, as far as the reading desk, faced rightly enough towards the chancel; but those which were east of the reading desk faced towards the west, and consequently, all who were within them turned their backs upon the altar. The purpose of this was very plain; the main idea of worship centred in the pulpit, and the pews were so arranged that all might behold the preacher. Seeing that the celebration was only once a month, and seeing that sacramental worship with the idea of our Blessed Lord being present in His Holy Eucharist was not much thought of, it followed as a natural consequence that the altar was a secondary affair. The pulpit assumed the highest place. Towards

that all eyes were directed. For that, as the principal end of worship, the arrangements of the church were constructed.

"Opposite the pulpit, on the north side, stood a gallery seeming to topple over with the weight of the people within it, who flocked thither as possessing the most advantageous view of the preacher, while at the back of the pulpit many of the worst style of boys of a national school rushed into another gallery where, not having anything to read, nor anything to see, nor any possible knowledge of what a sermon could be about, they busied themselves with fighting and with nuts and oranges. The noise which those urchins made at the preacher's back was harmoniously interrupted from time to time by the school-master, whose cane descending on the backs of the delinquents not a little terrified the surrounding audience. We need not enter into further particulars. Those many observances which, however minute or apparently trivial, tend to or detract from the devotion of a congregation, and the remembrance of the presence of God, were on the same scale. The clerk's solitary 'Amen,' the responses of the people reluctantly made, if made at all; the hymns or psalms, though creditably sung (for Frome seemed for long to have maintained a fair character for music), but still coming from a gallery on high, and eliciting no sympathy with the congregation—these and such like things which marred Divine worship will be sufficient to depict the lamentable state of the church of which Mr. Bennett then became incumbent."

I have quoted the above passage fully, in order to give my readers some idea of the magnitude of the task which the new vicar set himself to perform, and also as being a description of most other churches of that time. The shepherds were slumbering for the most part, and the sheep were neglected. All honour then to the pioneers who, often in the face of keen opposition, gradually improved matters in the Church of England, so that to-day slovenly services and ill-cared-for sanctuaries are happily the exception, instead of, as

formerly, the rule. To enter into a detailed description of Frome Church, as it now stands—the pride of the parishioners, and the admiration of every visitor—would be beyond the scope of this article. Moreover, it must be seen to be fully appreciated: the photo on page 269 gives an excellent idea of its interior. The chief entrance is by the north porch; at the west side of the churchyard you pass a fountain which has long been the property of the church; it is for the use of the parishioners to draw water, and is now set forth by more architectural beauty than formerly. From the fountain you ascend by steps up the hill towards the north porch. But in doing so, according to ancient usage when churches were built on the slope of a hill, you are to imagine yourself on the way with our Blessed Lord to Calvary. The way is sometimes called the "Via Crucis," and sometimes the "Via Dolorosa"; you go up with the Lord, and trace His path by the sculptures on the left hand side.

The first sculpture is Our Lord condemned by Pilate.

The second, Our Lord going forth bearing His cross.

The third, Our Lord falling under His cross, and supported by Simon of Cyrene.

The fourth, Our Lord meets the daughters of Jerusalem, and His Blessed Mother.

The fifth, Our Lord stripped of His raiment.

The sixth, Our Lord is nailed to the Cross; and the whole terminates at the north porch with the seventh—Our Lord dying on the Cross with the figures of St. John and the Blessed Mother beside Him.

These sculptures are of extreme beauty, and together with the statues throughout the church, were designed and executed by Forsyth of London.

The windows in the aisle are by Hardman of Birmingham, and record various scenes in the life of the Patron Saint of the church, St. John the Baptist. The reredos, sculptured in alabaster, is a Pieta, or the dead Christ lamented over by His Mother. The iron screen, and, indeed, all the iron-work through-

out the Church, is by Singer of Frome. But while dilating upon the elaborate workmanship of these modern details, I must not omit to mention that traces still remain of the Norman church, which succeeded the original building of St. Aldhelm, which was almost entirely rebuilt in the reign of Stephen. The doorways of the north and south porches are Norman, also a window in the west wall of the Ladye Chapel and a piscina in the east end of the north wall of nave. The font is Early English, and also a trefoiled piscina placed aloft in the north-east wall of the tower, indicating that an altar was connected with the rood loft. Some of the original Decorated and Perpendicular work has been retained in the present building, indeed, Mr. Bennett incorporated the old work into the new wherever possible, with the result that the most captious critic could not complain in this case that "restoration" and "destruction" are synonymous terms.

As in hundreds of other instances, the Church of St. John the Baptist, Frome, suffered greatly at the hands of Puritan fanatics in the time of Cromwell. Here nearly all the ancient stained glass and wood carving was sacrificed, as entries in the churchwardens' books too clearly show. Repairs and partial restorations of the church went on in 1707, 1742, 1761, 1814, 1830, and 1844, but the great and final work of restoration was, as we have seen, begun and completed by the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, who was vicar from 1852 to 1886, and whose memory is greatly revered by all who knew him, and appreciated his untiring devotion to his church and flock.

The church is surrounded by a beautiful churchyard, in which, immediately under the east window, lie the remains of Bishop Ken, who died at Longleat in 1711, expressing a wish to be buried at sunrise in the nearest parish churchyard of his own diocese, and that he might be carried to his grave by the twelve poorest men of the parish. At the back of the chancel may still be seen the original grave of Bishop Ken, surmounted by a canopy which was erected by Butterfield in 1846. This no doubt

preserves the old tomb, but can scarcely be considered a satisfactory addition to it.

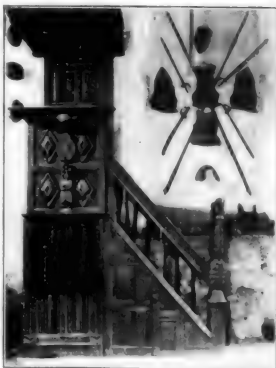
"Sainly Ken—gentlest of non-jurors, was, it will be remembered, the priest who refused to lodge Nell Gwynne in his prebendal house at Winchester, even at the request of a Stuart King. When the seven bishops presented their petition to the tyrant James against the dispensing power, Ken was the most manly of them all in his dignified answers to the royal browbeater. When the Revolution followed, he became a non-juror on the fine point of conscience that allegiance once given to the Lord's anointed was not his to withdraw. Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth, who had been his college friend at Christchurch, Oxford, offered him an asylum at Longleat, where he spent the evening of his days in the way which delights a student and a poet. A lovely spot of high ground in the park, commanding a beautiful view, is known as "Heaven's Gate," because it was a favourite resort of Ken, and the tradition runs that he there composed his *Morning and Evening Hymns*, which are remembered while his more laborious and learned works are forgotten."\* In the sacristy of St. John's may be seen a portrait of Bishop Ken—an offering to the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett by the parishioners, who expressed a wish that it might be retained in its present place, as an heirloom to all future vicars. A chalice and paten given by the good Bishop himself in 1711, are among the most cherished possessions of this church.

It was not till after the Reformation that the pulpit assumed such undue importance in the arrangement of our churches, as that deplored by the writer of the description of St. John's, Frome, which I have quoted above. There are, says Bloxam, but few pulpits now remaining of a date anterior to the fifteenth century, when they appear to have been introduced into many churches, though not to have become a general appendage. Ancient pulpits of that era, whether of wood or stone, are covered with panel work,

\* "Historic Houses."



tracing, and mouldings, and some exhibit signs of having been once elaborately painted and gilt. Mention, however, is made of pulpits at a much earlier date, for in the year 1187 one was set up in the abbey church, Bury St. Edmunds, from which we are told the abbot was accustomed to preach to the people in the vulgar tongue, and provincial dialect. The most ancient pulpit, perhaps, existing in England, is that in the now ruined refectory of Beaulieu Abbey, Hants. In the refectory of the ancient conventual buildings attached to the cathedral church at Chester is another stone pulpit, also of thirteenth century date. In Long Sutton Church, Somerset, is a splendid wooden pulpit of the fifteenth century, painted and gilt, and the sides are covered with ogee-headed niches with angular-shaped buttresses between. Pulpits of the reign of Edward VI. are rare, nor are those of the reign of Elizabeth very common. By the canons of 1603, the churchwardens, or questmen, were to provide in every church a comely and decent pulpit to be set in a convenient place within the same, and there to be seemly kept for the preaching of God's word. Carved pulpits set up between the years 1603 and 1640 are numerous. A very fine carved wooden pulpit, the sides of which are embellished with circular-arched panel and scroll-work with the date 1640, and a sounding board over, may be seen in Cerne Abbas Church (Dorsetshire). Many carved pulpits of this era have, however, no assigned date; they are commonly placed at the north or north-east angle of the nave, but never in the middle of the aisle (as so frequently in later times), so as to obstruct the view of the Communion table. The canopy, or sounding-board, over the pulpit, appears to have been introduced in the early part of the seventeenth century. "In 1626-7," says Bloxam, "the churchwardens of Grunston, Leicestershire, were presented for not providing a cushion and making a canopy, or cover, of wainscot over the pulpit." There is a good example of a seventeenth century pulpit in the chapel of St. Leonard Farleigh - Hungerford, of



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY PULPIT, CHAPEL OF  
ST. LEONARD, FARLEIGH-HUNGERFORD  
*From Photo by Miss BAILY, Frome*

which I have obtained a capital photograph. This chapel formed part of the buildings of a moated castle once belonging to the Hungerfords, which is now in ruins; the only portion left entire is this chapel of St. Leonard, and the chantry of St. Anne attached to it on the south side. Here are preserved many interesting relics of the past, old armour, weapons of war, etc., and amongst other objects which are shown to the visitor are a pair of boots, said to have been worn by Cromwell, and the copy of an autograph letter written by this fanatical destroyer of churches, which was stolen from an old chest in the castle many years ago. There are some fine tombs in this chantry of the Hungerford family, notably that of Sir Thomas Hungerford and Joan, his wife. He died in 1398 and she in 1412. The magnificent white marble tomb is of later date; it was erected in memory of Sir Edward Hungerford, of Corsham, who died 1648, and Margaret (Haliday), his wife, who founded the very fine almshouse at Corsham, and died 1672. It bears their effigies beautifully carved,

he in armour, with a wheatsheaf at his feet (the Hungerford crest); she in a loose robe, her feet supported by a demi-lion bearing an anchor. At the west end is a shield emblazoning fifteen coats of arms!

I have by no means exhausted this fascinating subject, but I hope I have said enough to prove that Somersetshire is a county where, in a few hours' walk, one seldom fails to pass half-a-dozen churches worth examination, while

several are famous for their noble structure, and richness of ornamentation, by canopied windows, parapets, pinnacles, turrets, buttresses, gargoyles, etc. "These very gorgeous towers," says Mr. J. H. Parker, "are chiefly found in Somersetshire," which he further declares to be "the richest county in the kingdom for old houses." Some of these latter I hope to speak about in a future article.



## CUT GRASS

Oh! the perfume of the grass  
 As it falls beneath the scythe,  
 Wings my thoughts so far away  
 To a younger, scented May,  
 To the breath of love's fair day,  
 When she was a lass.

And the perfume of the grass  
 Bore our souls to Alpine heights,  
 O'er the cloudlets to the sky,  
 O'er the quivering of a sigh,  
 Love would last, though time might fly,  
 When she was a lass.

But they laid her 'neath the grass,  
 Ah! it had no scent that year.  
 As I watched the violets grow,  
 And the gentle heartsease show,  
 Methought they did not droop so low,  
 When she was a lass.

Once again they cut the grass,  
 Mem'ry tints each dew-tipped blade.  
 In a haze now far, now near,  
 Comes to me a vision dear,  
 As the rhythmic days appear,  
 When she was a lass.

F. E. O'DELL.



FOTHERGILL TARN

*From Photo by T. JONES, Burneside.*

AS  
A  
FELL-  
WALKER  
  
WRITTEN  
BY  
WILLIAM T.  
PALMER  
  
ILLUS-  
TRATED  
BY  
PHOTO-  
GRAPHS

**T**HE term mountaineering, like most others in our language of sport, has been so loosely and widely applied that its meaning is now almost impossible to arrive at; therefore I feel that fell-walking is the only title by which can be expressed the ascent of such heights as are to be found in the most elevated portion of England—the “Lake District” of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Furness. Fell-walking is not a new pursuit to me, for I have passed all my life within measurable distance of the fells—indeed, from many parts of the home-dale can be seen the glorious lines of lofty peaks. The low moor, bounding the north of the valley, is indeed the terminal offshoot of the Harter Fell range—a group almost unknown to guide-book and tourist. Years ago I made my first ascent of this hillside. I was not more than five years old at the time. Our destination was a tarn among the heather-covered hills, and I well remember the task—how toilsome the ascent of the steep, grassy lane to the breezy open moor, how welcome the distant gleam of water. What a wearying trudge it was over the rolling moor, where here and there the encouraging glint was lost to view, before we stood by the

tarn side and peered from the boathouse steps into the clear peaty depths, where verdant waterweed gently swayed in an otherwise imperceptible flow. To tell all the delights of that summer afternoon would weary my readers, in fact, it is only mentioned as one of two incidents which decided my interest in the fells. The other was the loan of a guide-book, from the maps in which I got a splendid idea of the work before me, as it was my intention to thoroughly explore the Lake country.

My first walk of any magnitude was to Mardale (Haweswater), a distance, going out by Longsleddale and the Gatescarth Pass, and returning by Nan Bield Pass and Kentmere, of about thirty-three miles from Boustone. This initial effort across loose, stony mountain tracks, and across wholly unfamiliar country, with only general directions for a guide, did not prepossess me very strongly, yet every holiday not spoiled by rain since that has been passed among the glens and fells of Lakeland. During these expeditions I have ascended nearly all the mountains available by day and by night, and of course all this practice has been developing my physique, besides giving me a tolerable insight into the ways and means of

fellcraft. As much of this learning as can be expressed by my pen it is intended to be given for the benefit of readers, with some description of actual climbs under all circumstances.

In the fell district mentioned, the more prominent peaks are Scafell Pike (3,216 feet)—the highest point in England, Scafell, Bowfell, Great Erd, and Great Gable, all of which can be reached with comparative ease from Wastdale, Seathwaite, or Great Langdale; Mellbreak and Red Pike, with kindred giants, near Buttermere; Skiddaw and Blencathra (or Saddleback), not very distant from Keswick; and the massive Helvellyn group, consisting of Helvellyn, Seat Sandal, and Fairfield, which may be approached from Patterdale, Ambleside, Grasmere, or Wythburn. A good many lower but interesting ridges jut out from the parent ranges. The Kentmere fells are an outlying group containing some good climbs and picturesque scenery, but they are far out of the regular tourist line. However, the cyclist, by turning west from the great Scotch road, near Shap Village, will, by proceeding across the moor to Haweswater, find his way easily into the lap of these craggy giants at Mardale. Besides those enumerated, other districts present fair climbing: between High Street and the foot of Ullswater there are many hills worthy of ascent, while in the great wilderness round the heads of Dunnerdale and Eskdale there is plenty of hard and interesting but lonely work. After all, it must be confessed that in point of difficulty and excitement fell-walking is hardly comparable with crag-climbing, yet by adopting free and easy routes, sufficient difficulty and danger may be met with.

It is impossible to recommend equipment to suit all; some find their kit adequate with one-third the quantity of others. A knapsack, or rucksack, containing a clean shirt and a fresh pair of stockings, is the only luggage carried by many expert climbers; they trust to luck for what further things are required, yet their luck (or resource) is wonderful. However, their method may be most useful to themselves. Other fell-walkers take a considerable number of articles,

which swell their burdens so that whole days have to be set aside for shifting headquarters and nothing more. The willing human of this type is at times a painfully frequent sight in Rossett Ghyll. He struggles up the rough pass, under his self-imposed task, a perspiring, tired individual, long ere he reaches the shores of Angle Tarn, and faces the long grass slope of Eskhouse. His day's tour is to Wastdalehead, and those miles are regular backachers to him. In my opinion, this system is too much a pandering to luxury. Better leave your lodgings and take a good ramble round before homing to the nearest hostelry, for it must be steadily borne in mind that the fell-walker's Lake District is a comparatively small area.

The necessary tackle of the fell-walker is his ordinary clothes, plus a pair of fairly stout boots—the favourites of the natives are of the "navvy" pattern, three-quarter inch soles studded with rows of heavy nails, thick toe-plates and heel caulkers. The tops are fairly high, and of thick, strong leather. Yet often in wandering among the roughest and most difficult ground I have met men in thin cycling shoes, who seemed to be enjoying their outing! Most climbers carry stout fell-poles (a term introduced by Mr. Haskett-Smith) as an equipment, but this article is totally unnecessary, except for descending ticklish portions of scree, where a fall would be dangerous, and as a moral support when passing along a crumbling cliff edge. In winter, of course, things are much different, and the stick is very useful. If you *do* use it, be careful in its manipulation when descending. If you are going with the pole in front of you, a very slight over-balance is sufficient to cause a trip, and you are pretty sure to have a nasty fall. More than one life has been sacrificed among our fells to this error. A broad-brimmed hat is far from a disadvantage, especially if your eyes are apt to become bloodshot and tired from exposure to wind and bright light. You often cross wide expanses of quietly sloping moor, with the sun blazing full in your face. And the sun! The late James Payn, most genial of climbers, used to state most positively that the heat in

Lakeland was more intense than in any other corner of England. He based this testimony chiefly on an ascent of Black Sail Pass with a scorching July sun behind him. Under these circumstances his statement was hardly remarkable.

A pocket compass is often useful to a fell-walker; though it is remarkable how few people understand its use. All, indeed, there is to do, is to take the exact bearing of the summit-caern before the base is left. When this is not done, you are apt to stray, for a summit seems to change its relative direction when you are moving toward it. In misty weather a compass is all but indispensable, particularly if the route be ill-marked.

A good sharp walk every day should keep the muscles and body in sufficiently good condition to meet any likely fatigue in a fell-walking tour. Of course, the unusual nature of the ground will tire the novice. Fell-ground may be divided into grass, scree, stones, and crag—and each has its own methods of surmounting. On grass in dry weather an ordinary step is used to carry the walker along, and it is little more exhausting than on the road. After rain, however, fell grass is very slippery, and careful footing is repaid by the greater ease and speed of progress.

The banks of debris to be found on steep fell-sides or under long ranges of crags are best known as scree or shirling, the last from their perpetual sliding down when an ascent is attempted. As scree vary in size from that of a speck of coarse sand to cobbles as large as tea-kettles, there are many different methods of climbing them. Among the larger fragments considerable care is required in balancing for the next step forward. Among the minutiae, which are to be found at the head of the fan-shaped scree beds, the easiest posture for advance is, as for all steep ascents—body poised well forward, stooping in fact, arms swinging loosely, the toes at each step being driven well home into the yielding mass. This will be found, it may be, a somewhat trying position, but steady, persistent energy, if properly directed, pays best. If a foothold is missed, or by any reason

becomes insecure, it is not good policy to try and recover this hold. Trust to the other foot which, by the whole weight of the body being pressed upon it, is less likely to give way. A little practice will prove that this instruction must be conscientiously followed; for the novice in slipping out both bruises himself and wastes energy which should be conserved for higher ground.

Wherever "stones" are mentioned in this paper, it must be taken to mean those loose fragments which, from the size mentioned for the largest scree, are strewn over such wide expanses on our fells. Lichen-covered, grey-weathered slabs about the summits, rugged boulders in the dale-heads, tributes from the long line of crags—if they are not numerous, the path will be observed to avoid them. Otherwise its course lies straight over the largest fragments, and progress has to be made by leaping from rock to rock. It has been found that this is easier than crossing the "stone" belt by a path which attempts to be an "easy" way. The greatest danger met in fell-walking is among stones. When trying to cross a long stretch of these, say between Eskhause and Scafell Pike, or round the head of Rydale, the walker is apt to become careless, and this lapse may be pulled short by a mishap. The writer injured his knee when going at speed across the stones in Ewer Gap (Bowfell) on a misty morning, and speaks from sad experience.

The tall cliffs on the sides of various mountains, though so enticing to the cragsman, are no affair of the fell-walker's, though those shattered rock-faces, miscalled "craggs," are often resorted to by strong climbers as variants to the usual routes. There is one point in particular where this can be the case—the Rossett Ghyll foot route to Bowfell Top. After toiling up Grass Tongue, the rocks are reached by a turn to the left. The angle is steep, but the rock much broken, and some safe hand-over-hand climbing is met with. In winter this is a particularly laborious route.

When you arrive at the long-desired summit, perspiring freely from your exertion, there is nothing more natural

than to stand awhile, or wander aimlessly about, admiring the wide view. This is a most unwise proceeding, as the air on the hill-top, from constant circulation, is invariably many degrees colder than in the valleys. The most dreaded and immediate result of carelessness of this kind is colic, and those who have temporarily suffered will most appreciate my warning.

An acquaintance with the tracks across the passes is essential, but their system is easily mastered. Caerns of various sizes mark the more important, but others are less easily followed. Whether any one has passed that way recently may be found by a careful survey of the outcroppings, for, though the walker may not yet have noticed it, every time the foot is placed on a protruding slab or loose piece of shale, the hobnails in the boot leave their marks distinctly. These white scratches are to be looked for and followed. A good many paths are to be found in the ghylls, but these are usually rough and difficult, owing to their following the course of the water. But the trouble experienced in crossing crag-beds, or in tracing out a route through the gullies, is easy in comparison with the following out of a trail across a wide grass-moor, when a high wind is blowing and a dense mist surrounds. Sheep-tracks cross your way in every direction, and many of these are hard to distinguish from the man-track, which must be followed. However, though very distinctly marked,

they are usually very narrow — not more than six inches wide, frequently less. The edges of sheep paths, moreover, rise straight up; a man's track usually fines down gradually. There are many ways indeed by which the difference is detected, but they are beyond my power to describe. It is the old story of experience counting for much. An expert fell-walker will instantly differentiate between the two on the grounds of direction alone.

In a walk along a cliff edge, it will be noticed that above the precipitous parts there are many outcrops of stone, entirely absent on the less abrupt ghyll-heads. It is therefore hardly to be wondered that accidents, even in the most inclement weather, are most rare. Besides, there are signs in the grass, in the wind, in sounds and in almost everything, which can guide the wary walker.

The feeling of being *properly* lost in a mist cannot be described by any one who has not experienced it. The danger from exposure too is most serious. But sometimes a walk in the mist is not too uncomfortable for enjoyment. A few days ago I spent some hours climbing in a dense mist. I had come from Buttermere over Black Sail pass, where I first encountered the clouds, to Wastdalehead, and was making for Windermere by way of Eskhause, the second highest English mountain pass. To reach this I had to climb to the summit of the Styehad

GREAT GABLE

From Photo by A. S. WALKER, Kendal.



pass, and then cut across the bogs to another route for the Hause. The mist rolled deep over the tops before I left Wastdale, and every ghyll and turn in the mountain breasts surrounding the valley was closely invested. In the Styhead travelling was more tolerable than on the slippery grass of the valley; a strong cold breeze hissed over the scree below, and whistled in an eerie fashion among the crags of Great Gable above. Higher up, the damp clouds closed around till only a few yards of the path could be seen at a time. The air was very chilly; but the track, save where it cut across the bogs at the pass-head, was well marked by cairns, and the whole route therefore safe and interesting. As I sat a minute by the shore of Sprinkling Tarn, my memory harked back to tales of exposure and death; of rescue and narrow escapes among the white-draped fells—but the environment was enough to encourage such thoughts. The dark, rippling surface was only apparent for a dozen yards before it merged into the shifting mass of grey. A huge presence loomed in front—it might be a big boulder; but instinct, sharpened by experience, told that it was only the distorted outlines of a sheep. A rattle of falling water among the mist-hidden cliffs, a gurgle from the outlet of the Tarn, the hoarse gloat of a raven from the rocky heights of Great End, and the shuffling movements of a few sheep, feeding among the boulders—these were the only sounds. The gale was very strong on the summit of Eskhouse, and progress was made with difficulty. Near Angle Tarn I stopped to note the effect of the sunlight on the whirling masses from which I was rapidly descending. For a moment a whisk of mist surrounded me, then melted away, leaving a fine view of uninhabited valley and rugged mountain-side.

It must not be taken, however, that I do not recognise the grave possibilities which are open to any stranger who loses his way among the mist-covered fells. In 1898 two unfortunate tramps, one a young woman, and the other a mere lad, got off the road across Stainmoor, by which they hoped to reach Kirkby Stephen. For three days they

wandered among grassy ghylls and along the long slopes, finally getting into an old sheep-fold, whence they were rescued four days later, half dead with hunger and exposure. There is no gainsaying the fact that extreme vigilance is necessary when a tour has to be made into the mist, and bearings should be carefully taken where possible. The path should be followed strictly, for it is impossible for any man to walk accurately in a mist. Personally I have lost my path in cloud banks many a time, and inevitably will do so again; but there is no immediate danger in *this* to any one at all acquainted with the fells.

One of the chief charms of fell-walking is that it may be indulged in at all hours and all seasons. But if there are two periods at which the sport is at its best, they are when the cool, clear days of spring allow ascents with the least possible fatigue, or when the moonlight reigns over the fells, and the silence and massiveness become almost overpowering.

Sometimes, if the winter has held its sway tenaciously and long, you climb into the cloud-cap, and find yourself in a whirling snowstorm. In the valleys the day has been dull, with perhaps a little rain. I remember particularly one such. It was early June, and everything by the roadside bore the fresh lively look of early summer. We had driven in to Coniston through almost continuous rain. The Old Man was still deep in his night-cap, but we hoped to climb him, as usually he is not a difficult subject. Accordingly we threaded up the path by the quarries—the nasty sharp slate-dust so much in evidence here in summer had welded into mud, making the ascent less laborious. Before long we reached the lower edge of the mist, and here we stopped for a final survey. Indistinctly below us was a greeny-blue well of water—Coniston Lake—but the film of falling rain blotted out all beyond save bare outlines of woods and hills. We did not see Lowwater, the white veil of mist was too dense; but it was ultimately located by noting the echoes. As we got higher, and on to the exposed



HELL GHYLL

*From Photo by DALTON, Chorley*

shoulder of the fell, the wind became more powerful, and the descending particles gradually changed from rain to snow. Patches of half-molten white began to be seen on our path, and our party crossed several drifts before the caern was sighted. Though the hour was barely two, it was half dark up here, and our photographer passed a most anxious time. The result was hardly satisfactory from an artistic point of view, though a long exposure was given the plate; however, we of the party cherish the prints from the peculiar circumstances under which they were taken. The snow fluttered down from a leaden cloud above, around and below, or was hurled at us in the seethe of the gale through the fog banks. Sometimes the wind came in such powerful gusts that it was difficult to stand erect. Around the maën was a wide field of snow: the face of the caern was thickly coated with white, the air was bitterly cold, and our exposed position almost untenable. After a short interval, we were glad to descend. One

section of our party speedily detached itself, and disappeared into the shifting grey. We soon reached the region of fern and bracken, boulder and scree, and emerged into clear air. There had been, we were informed, a good deal of rain while we were on the mountain, but our statement as to snow was hardly credited until the gale blew the clouds aside and showed for an hour the white, silent fells.

My favourite climb is during the summer dusks—they cannot be called nights—when, starting from some customary centre, the path to a famous summit is struggled up. In the grey cold dawn the final slope is topped, and from the caern the day is watched rise in the east. Down the hill to a good breakfast, you have combated the dreary silence and the hardest of fell-walking, and should be ready and willing for a long day's rest.

In winter fell-walking is more difficult: the cold becomes more and more intense as you rise through the intakes, now crowded with sheep; the snow



masks all save the most abrupt crags; for miles every landmark is buried. Such small indicators as do rise above the snow-fields are distorted by the white mantle with which the gale has plastered them. A tramp in a January blizzard across an open moor or pass is a feat of strength and perseverance. The danger of inadvertently straying from the proper track is much greater than at any other time, while the fact of the most obtrusive warnings (*i.e.*, the outcrops near the cliffs, as mentioned previously) being obliterated makes progress rather more than risky. But after the storm comes a calm, perhaps on a moonlit night; danger is minimised by the brightness, though the thick snow makes progress arduous.

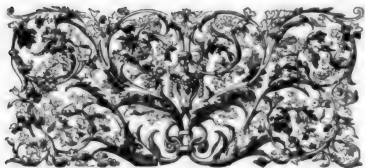
Millions of stars gleamed and twinkled above as we started from Buttermere for a walk to Scale Force, after which we hoped to climb some way up Mellbreak. Yesterday, as evening drew on, and the air became more frosty, a few snowflakes had floated in the breeze; this morning three inches of snow masked dale and fell, ghyll and crag. All day the storm continued, to cease at nightfall. We crunched along where we judged the path lay, but were always tripping and slipping among hidden boulders. After forty minutes' hard labour we reached Scale Beck, by the side of which was the route to Force Ghyll. The wind had swept a band of heather and bracken almost clear of snow, and up this we crashed. When sufficiently elevated, we found the gorge difficult to get into, for the bank to be descended was precipitous and crumbling. At last we discovered a slack which was feasible, and down it we dropped into the pitch-dark ghyll. Above, sheer black cliffs, with brilliant moonlight playing upon the wavy mountain ash at their tops; from these the stream fell, a gleam of creamy white, till lost in the blackness around. Only an intimate acquaintance with the "lay" of the rocks, and much careful climbing, permitted us to come close to the icied basin, into which the water tumbled from above. This is a cool position on the hottest summer-day, but now the flying drops of spray seemed to be particles of ice, so quickly

did they freeze. The cold is a memory—ugh! Looking down the gully, a deep narrow vista of Crummock could be seen, its brightened surface contrasting strongly with the bleak slopes beyond. After a careful scramble, the moor was again reached, and we made toward Mellbreak, a huge shoulder of which, capped in dead-silver frost-cloud, confronted us across the glen. The ascent was fatiguing, but at last accomplished. About five hundred feet above the valley we climbed into the mist-cap, and after a shivering twenty minutes cleared it. From the narrow apex of the fell what a view there was,—bright blue gleaming with myriad lights above, chill white,—feathery mist-piles and solid white mountains in grand distinction—below. But the fact that we had now been tramping about for some five hours, and that we were standing in a bitterly cold breeze, a long way from our warm beds, made a stronger appeal to our senses than this vision of beauty, so we commenced the descent at once. Carefully selecting the long grass slopes, we made splendid progress, sliding, falling and rolling, as the snow-crust gave us footing or disappointed us of it. We reached the foot of the fell about halfway down Crummock-water, and after a few minutes found that the easiest headway would be made by trusting to the ice-surface. The lake was not completely bearable, though the thermometer had by this hour (1 a.m.) touched zero. We escaped a good deal of rough walking by venturing across a corner of the lake, leaving the ice finally near the landing station for the Scale Force boats.

Under circumstances such as those just sketched, large parties of climbers are undesirable, as the capacity of individuals varies so largely, and quite a good proportion will be comparatively weak walkers. Ladies, too, unless insured to similar work, are better left behind. I remember quite well an instance when a large party left Grasmere for an ascent of Helvellyn, in its snow-garb. Progress had been slowly made nearly to the hause at Tongue Ghyll, when one lady fell down exhausted. Stimulants were

applied, and she returned to Grasmere under escort. Such an incident, however, did not deter the other members of the party from reaching Grisedale Tarn at about noon. From this point the real ascent begins. Soon after surmounting Dollywaggon Pike, the walkers met a piercing wind, blowing straight into their faces, across long stretches of snow. Heated with their toilsome ascent—the drift below the summit being extremely difficult, owing to its partial overhanging—the party was in the worst possible condition to resist the attacks of cramp, and, sure enough, two of their number were attacked. Freely applied stimulants allayed the awful pain, but the victims were still unable to move toward either the summit or the valley. A trench in the drift had accordingly to be dug to shield them and their guard from the biting wind, after which help was requisitioned from the nearest hamlet. It was quite dark when the “rescue” was finished, and the two sufferers were deposited in a warm place.

Even among expert climbers, the clutches of frost and snow are not without serious benumbing effect, and only last winter a party of such found themselves in a very precarious position among the crags on the Pillar Rock, in Ennerdale. They had descended by a rope into one of the fastnesses, and then were unable to negotiate the steep, snow-covered ascent to safety. They were missed, as evening drew on, and after a long search, a rescue party located them. After a long struggle, the men were drawn up in safety, and reached the top of the mountain none the worse from their adventure. My reason for mentioning this is to give a warning to such as may stray into Lakeland, in winter, to go warily among the loose crags, which give the most entertainment and excitement, as there are occasions when advance or retreat are equally impossible, and this may happen even among the scree and steep slopes, so familiar to the fell-walker.





# COURAGE

*M. York Shuter*

WRITTEN BY BEATRICE LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY M. YORK SHUTER

**I** WISH," he breathed radiantly, "that I could make a few of these poor devils half as happy as I am to-day."

Bubbling with laughter, she freed her hands, to lay playful fingers across his lips. "Don't let them hear you say that," she tragically stage-whispered, "or they'd arrest you for a raving lunatic! Fancy prating of happiness! And here we are caged up in a beleaguered, fever-stricken town, reduced to short rations of—I won't mention what; the only variation of our monotony being a more or less fierce bombardment from the enemy's big guns!"

"Sounds pretty mad, doesn't it?" he chuckled. "Gospel truth, though. I never knew life held such rapture. I never dreamed any spot on earth could seem such a paradise as this poor stricken town shows itself to me. I'd be a selfish brute not to desire relief. I do—and yet—and yet—"

"I know," she murmured softly, "we are two happy wanderers in a world of woe, so we seem to belong to each other more completely than we ever could have done in normal circumstances. But after to-morrow what will anything matter? It will be 'mine and thine' in real earnest—nothing can alter that."

"'Mine and thine'! Dear you—dear woman—dear wife! Wife! Let me lock the name upon your lips, beloved! Wife—ah, am I right in snatching this great joy? Your father—"

"Yes, yes, father's love made him ambitious for me. Nothing less than a duke, or maybe," with a ripple of laughter, "Lord Kitchener himself might have been considered eligible! But never fear, father loves me too well—he will forgive—"

"Nevertheless, he and every one else will consider you've thrown yourself away. And small blame to them. The reigning beauty and heiress—"

"Ah! that's just the sting," her gay tones were sobered by a note of cynicism. "That's what embittered every triumph, and marred every pleasure. The real I—who found it—who knew it—of what consequence was it? All the attentions, homage, brilliant proposals, all, all were for the 'reigning beauty and heiress.'"

"Ah, somehow I divined your feeling. So out in the great gay world I couldn't have dared—though even there I wondered if you knew I loved you? But never, never should I have told you so! It was our strange meeting out here, in the wilds and perils of battle and fever and beleaguerment, that crumbled social barriers into dust. You

and I—just two humans together in the wilderness! How ever your father let you come——”

“I *would* come. He was ordered out at short notice. I was tired to death of being a petted society beauty. I’d studied nursing, and knew I could be of some use. So I came out with him. Of course, I never dreamt we should get separated and cut off like this. Still less did I dream that I should get shut up with—you!”

“My beloved — my beloved,” he murmured, “what a wonderful day—what a wonderful meeting that was! I think you were a tiny bit glad too, my sweet? Yes? Dear you for admitting it! And yet neither of us ever guessed it would come to this—that I should hold you in my arms, my promised bride—my wife a few hours hence! Ah, can we ever, ever be so happy again?”

“Why not? If the world can seem so glorious a place to us in the midst of all this suffering and danger and desolation, surely——”

“Dearest,” he resumed, after a lover’s pause, “I wish I had done something to make me worthy of you. Your presence has illumined the place. There’s not a man, in hospital or out of it, who wouldn’t deem it a privilege to lay down his life for you. And the women and little children—how they worship you as a goddess upon earth! And I—I have done nothing—can do nothing but just my duty with the rest!”

“My own boy, do you think I require deeds to prove you? Don’t I know the dauntless courage that is in your heart? Don’t I know that if the opportunity offered you would show yourself just as brave as you are tender and true? That is enough for me. I know—I *know*. Other people—what have other people to do between *you*—and *me*?”

“And yet—if only the chance would come! It’s all I need to bring perfect happiness. Ah, Enid, Enid, even that sounds ungrateful. It is as if no one can ever have been so happy before, and to-morrow—when I think of to-morrow, I scarcely know how to contain myself—how to act like a rational being. I am mad, drunk, entranced with happiness. I am crazy to cry it aloud, to

shout it out over the veldt and kopjes to the wild fierce music of the bursting shells!”

“You dear, great savage! Whisper it on my lips instead! There, there; oh, you must let me go! We must say good-bye for a few hours. What would all my poor fellows do if I were to disappoint them in the hospital?”

“I can’t bear to let you go! It feels like tearing my heart out! But I mustn’t be a selfish brute, and my thoughts will bear me joyful company until to-morrow.”

\* \* \* \*

Halford’s excitement was too great to allow him to remain quiet. He strode around the town heedless of the flying bullets that never ceased for long at a time to cut through the clear air with their snake-like hiss. On going in he found a message from the General awaiting him. His presence was desired immediately. He reviled himself for the presage of evil that smote upon his heart, and set out to obey the summons with a jaunty air. But on his return, an hour later, his grief at the inevitable postponement of the longed-for morrow’s event made him feel a very coward. Twenty-four hours later he would have hailed the chance with rapture, but now it seemed a sorry trick of fate that had intervened between him and the desire of his heart. Of course she would understand; of course it could only make the difference of a day or two, but all the sweetness seemed to have oozed out of life as he scrawled those few hasty lines to send over to Enid at the hospital.

This despondency, however, was short-lived. True, he was a passionate lover, but was he not also a British soldier, thirsting for action, for opportunity, and burning to do battle on his country’s foes?

Ere the dawn of the eagerly-expected morrow, Halford was leading a sortie out of the beleaguered town. In spite of reduced rations, bad water, and the severe mental and physical strain under which all had laboured for months past, it was a splendid band of sturdy-looking Englishmen who marched forth into the early morning mist. Only too glad to break the monotony of that ever-

lasting siege, they strode out as to a merry tournament, with jests on their lips and confidence in their hearts.

"We'll teach the hairy Boar not to venture so close to the Lion's lair again!"

"We'll give him a taste of British lead he won't enjoy the flavour of."

"Aye, and a prick of British steel, if only we have the rattling luck to come to close quarters!"

"Ah, mates, but it's grand to get out of that poky little hole, and feel a free man again instead of a rat in a trap."

On a school-boy escapade, exchanging merry boast and jest and muffled laughter, they left the beleaguered town. Some fourteen hours later they straggled back—some of them—in ghastly silence, worn and aged men, stricken and broken. Some were missing, several wounded; the remainder exhausted, disheartened, spiritless, crawled back and deposited their shattered comrades at the hospital door. Halford assured the surgeon that he would return when the men had been patched up, and when he had reported himself to the General. Then he staggered out to fulfil his hateful duty, wishing only that the friendly bullet had found its home in some more vital spot.

But the General was a just man, and he was the first to acknowledge that his information had been incorrect, and that he had dispatched the little company on an errand that was beyond human achieving.

"My poor lad,"—he laid a kind hand on Halford's shoulder—"don't take the failure to heart so. You did right—perfectly right—to order a retreat when you realised the hopelessness of the venture. It had been the act of a madman to push on. I wouldn't have had all those fine fellows butchered for the world; besides, we can too ill afford to spare them from our gallant little garrison. Keep up heart, my boy, keep up heart. You shall have your chance again under less impossible conditions."

"Enid," he said, wearily, "I wish I could make you see the facts in their true light—in the light of common sense."

"Oh, I'm not denying the common

sense," she exclaimed; "everyone will give you credit for an unlimited supply of that, never fear."

He winced at her tone. "I see," he murmured bitterly, "you think my action showed prudence at the expense of valour. I'm aware that protestations of bravery are meagre substitutes for acts, but I think any soldier would believe me when I say that it required more courage to order that retreat than, with our blood up, to dash on into the teeth of certain death!"

"I am afraid that definition of courage is too subtle for my poor feminine intelligence to comprehend."

"Enid, Enid, can't you understand this was not an opportunity for the selfish display of personal valour? I was not free. I had my men to think of, and it would have been wanton and indefensible recklessness on my part to have flung away their lives as a useless sacrifice to the devouring fire of the enemy's guns. We were helpless. We could do nothing. My clear duty was to save my men."

"If all soldiers prized their lives—or those of their men—so highly, most of the gallant deeds that adorn our nation's history would have remained undone!"

She saw him flinch as though he had been struck. But she was too full of her own pain to note the spasm of agony that contracted his brow, and now the hopeless conviction had begun to hammer in upon his brain that she would not be convinced. Still he pulled himself together for one last effort.

"Hot-headed recklessness is a fine thing in its place, but there are also times when duty demands coolness and judgment. The lives of brave British soldiers are not as so many pawns upon a chess-board to be played with at the will and fancy of a reckless gamester for personal aggrandisement."

He had meant to tell her everything, with the full conviction that she—his second self—would understand, but the frigidity with which she had received his opening arguments and explanations had frozen his blood and left him tongue-tied.

"Pray don't trouble to make excuses; no doubt you knew best. But you seem badly in need of rest, and if you will



"HE MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DETAIN HER. WITH DRAWN FACE AND STRAINED EYES HE WATCHED HER TURN AWAY IN SILENCE."

kindly excuse me, I must go now, also. They are full up in hospital and require all possible assistance."

He made no attempt to detain her. With drawn face and strained eyes he watched her turn away in silence. Had he but known how her heart was aching to bursting point with disappointment, wounded pride, passionate love, all struggling for mastery, maybe he would have stooped to appeal to the tenderness of the woman-heart to temper the critical judgment which had so harshly condemned him. But he was too proud to accept from pity what was denied by justice.

As Enid was passing from couch to couch in that crowded abode of suffering, the surgeon, catching sight of her, advanced with anxious face. "Miss Carisbrook, I must have a word with you at once. I hear you were to have married Lieutenant-Colonel Halford this morning. He's a fine fellow, and

you have every reason to be proud of him, but I must beg you to use your influence and persuade him not to be so reckless. In his serious condition——"

"Serious?" she gasped, "do you mean to say he is—injured?"

"Did you not know it? He refused to let me dress his wound because he insisted on having all his men attended to first. When I came back he had rushed off. Hearing how things were, I imagined he had gone to see you, but since you are here——?"

"He has been with me," she faltered, "but I never knew——"

"My dear young lady, it is most imperative that his wound should receive immediate attention. There are poor lads here who owe their lives to Halford's bravery and devotion, and they keep imploring me to see after him. It seems he got shot while dragging a wounded man behind cover, but rushed back through a storm of bullets, and

carried another off on his back. The strain and loss of blood must have been tremendous, and he's only bandaged in the most primitive way. It's perfect madness of him——"

Enid was leaning back against the wall, "I'll try and find him," she gasped, "and bring him here. I—I am sorry I did not know."

"Poor girl," murmured the surgeon, "poor girl! But how he could bear and conceal such a wound is a mystery to me."

Enid flew through the streets, heedless of all usual precautions. It was dusk, and the besieged citizens had retired to the best protected spots, many being in their bomb-proof shelters underground. The streets were deserted. Suddenly Enid's keen eyes caught sight of a stealthily moving form that crept along in the shadow of a wall not far ahead of her. Her fascinated gaze was fixed upon it as she unconsciously tip-toed her way along. Peering through the darkness, she detected another creeping figure in the distance which she instantly decided in her own mind to be a Boer spy. It then became clear to her that his treacherous presence had been discovered and that he was being stealthily tracked by a sagacious "Tommy." She realized that there was nothing to be done but keep silence, as the spy was certain to have a ready bullet for any pursuers the instant he detected them.

Some dry leaves crackled under the footsteps of the man nearest her. The one ahead paused, turned, realized his position and fired two shots, the first of which whizzed past Enid's head, the second struck its objective. Almost simultaneously the khaki figure fired also, and Enid saw the spy sway and fall. The need for silence over, she flew onward, and reached the first man, to find him supporting himself against the wall in a huddled attitude.

"Poor fellow, are you hit?" she panted. Then amazed, horrified, she gasped out, "What,—you,—you?"

"Yes, I," he murmured feebly, "but," rousing himself, "there's not a moment to waste. Go and see if I have killed him. If not, he'll creep on to the General's and find out about the night

attack—that's what he's after. Stop him—give the alarm—anything to prevent his clearing off with the information."

She needed no second bidding, but murmuring "Wait here, I'll come back to you," sped on in the direction where she had seen the man fall. There he lay, gasping for breath and groaning faintly. But when she stooped to find the wound, he dragged himself up muttering fiercely, pointed his Mauser at her head and pulled the trigger. She was barely in time to knock it aside, so that the bullet flew harmless, wide of the mark. As she wrenched the weapon from his grasp, he fell back fainting. Seeing the blood streaming from his forehead she tore the ribbon from her waist and bound it round his head, after which she flew back to Halford.

"Tell me—did I hit him—is he——?"

"Yes, yes; there's no fear of his getting off. I think he's dying. But first he would have killed me. See, he fired, but I snatched it away from him. Oh, my dear one, are you struck again? Tell me—tell me."

He put his hand to his breast, and as she tore upon his coat and shirt, she found the spot from which the red stream was oozing, and another one all clotted and congealed. "Yes," he gasped, "they're close together—last night's and now—his. I—think they've done for me."

"No, no," she cried; "I must run and get an ambulance and take you to the hospital—I must—"

"Enid," he murmured, "don't go. It's no good. Nothing can save me now. I've only a few minutes left. Let us spend them together—out here—alone."

"Oh, my beloved, my beloved," she sobbed, "how I have wronged you! Can't I do anything to make amends—to save you?"

"This—makes amends—for all. I don't mind—anything now. If only you don't think me—a coward. I couldn't have lived while you thought that of me."

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, my hero!" Shaken with sobs, she dropped her head upon his breast. "I was arrogant and brutal. I deserve any

punishment. But don't leave me—don't leave me! Don't punish me like that for my folly, for I can't bear it!"

"Hush, dear one, you who have always been so brave all through—you must not give way now." He stroked her face with cold and clammy fingers.

"Oh, God Almighty," she moaned, "don't let him die—don't let him die!"

"Enid dear," he whispered, "listen to me. I am so happy—so very happy! No life could be so good to me as this dear death in your arms.

Nothing can ever come between us again. Life seemed unbearable after you left me in scorn. Now all is bright again. Yes, rest my head—let it lie there. And your lips—let me feel them. Pain? Oh no, no pain, only peace and a little—faintness. Quite, quite happy. Not a coward, my own love,—not a coward. You know that now? Kiss me again, Enid. This is our marriage night—our marriage night——" A deep sigh finished the sentence and Enid's kiss met with no response.



## DRIFTING



Oh, let us drift. The shores are hid in mist,  
The wind lies dead, the sea is summer kissed,  
The sail hangs wrinkled: there is nought to do  
But drift and dream and sigh that love is true.  
Careless of time, but full of lover's thrift,  
Oh, let us drift.

The tide is tired, so tired, I cannot steer—  
And why should I, since you have called me dear?  
We'll trust the tide. Ah! sweet, we have to-day—  
'Tis all we have: to-morrow may be gray.  
But till this haze of happiness shall lift,  
Oh, let us drift.

J. J. BELL.





LONGWOOD OLD HOUSE, WHERE NAPOLEON WAS IMPRISONED

*From Photo by B. GRANT*

## THE HISTORIC ISLAND OF ST. HELENA

WRITTEN BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

**S**T. HELENA, one of the smallest of our possessions, is destined once more to play a no mean part in the history of the nation, for it is to this little island that the British Government has sent General Cronje and his men as prisoners of war. It was here that Napoleon dragged out six weary years of exile, and St. Helena will always be remembered as the prison-place of that great warrior.

But, apart from this fact, there is much of interest to tell about the island. Like an empire, it has had its rise and fall. It was discovered on May 21st, 1501 (St. Helena's Day), by the Portuguese navigator, Juan de Nova Castella. It remained unknown, however, to other European nations until 1588, when it was visited by Captain Cavendish, on his return from his memorable voyage round the world. It remained uninhabited until the Dutch colonised it in 1645.

The English East India Company, who seized it from the Dutch in 1651, was the first to recognise the future of

the island as a port of call for ships bound to the Cape of Good Hope and India. From that period, until it was ceded to the Crown in 1821, the little island appears to have met with varying fortune, the Dutch and the East India Company being alternately in power. In those days it was a most important station on the route to India, and as trade increased in the Far East St. Helena grew and flourished. Many highly-paid officials and wealthy merchants settled in the island, and altogether life on the isolated colony was, indeed, a pleasurable one.

Passenger ships called almost daily, and naturally everybody would land to explore the island, with the result that the little town of Jamestown was always full. Every one was busy and every one was happy. The harbour was full of vessels, the shops of the little capital were full of customers, anxious to take away a souvenir of their visit to one of England's most isolated possessions.

But now all is changed. Its trade and prosperity received a crushing blow

by the opening of the Suez Canal. The route to India and the Far East was at once diverted, with the result that St. Helena was almost forgotten.

"Whereas fifty vessels used to call here in a month," wrote the editor of the *St. Helena Guardian* to the writer, some time ago, "we are lucky now if four vessels of any importance enter the roads during the same period." Both its population and its trade have declined since the opening of the canal, the former from 6,500 to 5,000, and the latter from £15,000 to £10,000.

The island rises sheer out of the Atlantic, and is about 1,200 miles from Africa and 1,800 miles from America. It can be reached by a week's steaming from Cape Town, and is periodically visited by an intermediate Union Castle liner with the mails.

St. Helena is undoubtedly of volcanic origin. A captain in the Navy recently described it as "all caves and hills." There are evidently plenty of the latter, which is evidenced by our photographs.

Some of the pinnacles rejoice in such curious names as "Lot's Wife," "The Ass's Ear," "The Man and Horse," "Holdfast Tom," "Old Joan Point," etc.

The capital of the island is Jamestown, and a very good idea of this town as it appears to-day may be gathered from our illustration. As will be seen from the photograph, it lies in a valley, and is well sheltered by steep hills which rise to a height of nearly 1,000 feet on either side. In the distance is the landing-stage, while a British man-of-war may be detected lying in the road. Jamestown can boast of a population of about 3,000, more than half the total number of the island's inhabitants. The town has the appearance of a long straggling street of whitewashed buildings. It has but one post-office and only one recognised church. Its inhabitants are a happy-go-lucky, shiftless lot, the adult portion of the population being atrociously idle. Naturally, a party of visitors are quickly detected, and are besieged by



JAMESTOWN, ST. HELENA, WITH BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR IN THE ROADS

From Photo by B. GRANT

women and young girls offering the strangers baskets of fruit and photographs of Napoleon's grave.

The island is  $10\frac{1}{2}$  miles long,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles broad, and can boast of an area of 47 square miles. Some of its rugged mountains rise to a height of 2,700 feet and are interspersed with picturesque ravines. Oats, barley, root-crops, and flax are grown, though unfortunately the soil which is adaptable for agricultural purposes is not cultivated so extensively as it might be. Of recent years, however, the cultivation of silk and cotton has been introduced with gratifying results.

To reach the Governor's residence one has to ascend "Ladder Hill," an acclivity of about 600 feet. The Castle, where the Governor of the island lives, is reached by scaling a ladder of seven hundred wooden steps, probably the only one of its kind in existence. The ladder is near the landing-stage, close to the church, the spire of which may also be noted in our general view of the town. The view from the Governor's palace out to sea is undoubtedly a magnificent one. In the old East India days the "Captain" or Governor

of the island was a most important personage; to-day his position is acknowledged by the Government with a salary of £500 per annum.

To land at St. Helena is a novel experience. As the boat draws near to the bay, the only navigable inlet, a gun is fired to announce her arrival. Before the anchor has been sent overboard the vessel is surrounded by a crowd of shouting and gesticulating boatmen. They row all those who wish to visit the island ashore, not forgetting, half-way, to demand an exorbitant fare from their helpless victims.

About four miles inland from Jamestown, on an elevated plateau nearly 2,000 feet above the sea, is Longwood Old House, where the great Napoleon lived and died. Many newspapers gave it as their opinion that General Cronje would be lodged here, forgetting that the house and estate of Longwood was purchased, many years ago, by the French nation, and that that nation has a representative living there to protect all that remains to tell of the sad days of exile of its great soldier. We now know, however, that the Boers will be



LADDER OF 700 WOODEN STEPS LEADING  
TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE

*From Photo by B. GRANT*

camped out on Deadwood Plain, some little distance from Jamestown, on a high plateau. Their camp, it is said, covers a space of three square acres and has been enclosed with barbed wire.

Longwood, the new house built on the site of the residence of Napoleon, but not the building in which the great warrior died, will be occupied by Earl Bathurst, who is in command of the 4th Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, which has been despatched to St. Helena to act as guard over General Cronje and his men.

Napoleon landed at St. Helena on October 16, 1815, and lived there until 1821, when he died. To such an active warrior the six years of confinement must indeed have seemed almost like an eternity. Every one will instantly call to mind the picture of the great warrior looking out to sea brooding over France and her past victories. Banished on an obscure island from the country that he loved, thwarted and deprived in his great and only ambition to conquer Europe, life under such conditions must undoubtedly have been a perfect torture to such a man. He himself compared his life on the island to that of a vegetable rather than that of a man.

He died on May 5, 1821, and was buried close to Longwood. The resting-place selected for the remains of the great Emperor was a most picturesque one. In 1840, however, the coffin was taken up and given over to the French Government, who brought it back to France and buried it with great pomp in the Hôtel des Invalides, at Paris.

The Governor of the island at the time Napoleon was imprisoned there was Sir Hudson Lowe. It would appear that he and his soldiers kept a very strict watch on their celebrated prisoner—or at least Napoleon thought so. In his memoirs the great warrior alluded to the Governor as his gaoler, and referred to him in anything but a kindly manner. The confinement undoubtedly clouded the mind of the great man, for, in his writings of men and things, he deliberately distorts history in anything but a sane manner. No doubt, the writing of these studies, however ridiculous they may appear to the historian, occupied the illustrious prisoner for some time.

While he was not thus engaged he was either quarrelling with Sir Hudson Lowe or looking out to sea dreaming of France and her past glory. His doctor, and other permitted visitors, often came away from the island with anything but edifying accounts of the perverseness which the great French soldier assumed while a prisoner.

The island, too, has been the forced home of other troublesome warriors—Dinizulu and his uncles, great Zulu chiefs, who a few years ago caused the Government some anxiety in Zululand. Their stay on the island was but temporary, and they have long since returned to their country, convinced, no doubt, that the English nation is a powerful one as well as a large one.

St. Helena has a beautiful climate, and of recent years has attracted many health-seekers. It is warm, and the town itself is well sheltered from winds.

Added to this, the bracing air of the Atlantic, a sunny sky, and the additional fact that its inhabitants take life very easily, we have an ideal climate for persons with weak lungs; in fact, many a health-seeking wanderer has blessed the day that prompted him to land at St. Helena. Its climate vies with that of Madeira in point of salubrity and evenness of temperature. Although within the tropics, the "trade" winds keep the temperature mild and equable, and even at night the fall in the thermometer is but slight. Its rival, as a health resort for crews of vessels detained on the African coast, is Ascension, some 760 miles distant. Ascension, however, is really only a garrison settlement, and is used by the Admiralty as a coaling station.

The population of St. Helena is very mixed—English, Dutch, and negro, the latter predominating. A garrison is kept there, and the island is well protected. Fortifications have been constructed round the island, and are equipped with heavy guns. High Knoll Fort, which commands Deadwood Plain, where the Boer prisoners are confined, can boast of the latest cannon. It is the intention of the Admiralty to store large quantities of coal and supplies at St. Helena. This is undoubtedly a wise plan, as, in the case of

the outbreak of a European war, St. Helena as a port of call for our ships on their way to our immense possessions in the East would be invaluable. Happily, there is no sign of such a sad event at present, but if such should ever happen it would not be improbable that the Suez Canal would be blocked.

Several companies of the West India Regiment, with small drafts from the Artillery and Engineers are permanently quartered in the island. They are now considerably augmented by the twenty-four officers and 600 non-commissioners and men of the 4th Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment, under the command of the Earl of Bathurst, who are to form the guard over General Cronje and his men, captured at Paardeberg.

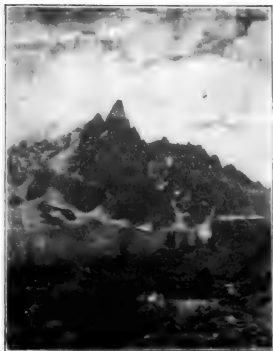
According to the latest advices received from St. Helena, the Boers were pleased when they arrived at their new "home." Not two per cent. of them had ever been to sea before, and naturally many of them got extremely seasick. One thing is certain, they will give a new lease of life to the island—at least for a time—for such a sudden influx of so many prisoners into such a quiet, lackadaisical colony, will surely set the inhabitants on the tiptoe of excitement and bustle. Reports tell us that more than half the population of the island came into the town to see the unique spectacle of the landing of the Boers and their departure for Deadwood. It is a known fact that the inhabitants of St. Helena are pleased with the plan of sending the prisoners to their island, as a great impetus of trade is expected to be the result.

The island now has been put into telegraphic communication with London and Cape Town by means of the recent completion of the new West Coast cable. This should be a great boon to the dwellers on this lonely British colony, for hitherto they have often had to wait a couple or even three weeks for tidings of the outside world. The writer has often been amused at the scarcity of news in St. Helena's weekly newspaper, *The Guardian*. The leading article will often run in this fashion, "As no mail-boat has arrived this week there is consequently a dearth of news."

In many ways the *St. Helena Guardian* is a remarkable newspaper. It is probably the dearest of its kind in the world. It costs twopence-halfpenny, and for want of news cannot be beaten the world over. At the same time, its present editor and proprietor, Mr. Chas. B. Grant, has assured the writer that it is produced at a loss; indeed, it can claim the distinction of being a patriotic journalistic venture, and is by no means a desirable asset to any enterprising publisher. Its circulation is somewhere in the neighbourhood of between 500 and 600 copies weekly, though there is no doubt that its sale will be greatly increased. What with the cable, over 1,000 Boer prisoners, and the wily Cronje and Captain Schiel, there is, no doubt, plenty of "copy."

Undoubtedly, we shall hear much of Deadwood Plain while the Boers are stationed there. We do not expect the Boers, on a whole, will find much fault with their new home. Indeed they have already expressed themselves "pleased" with their new quarters. To many of them their surroundings are not only entirely new, but very novel. Hundreds of them have never seen the sea before, living as they have done on their farms miles away from the coast. On Deadwood Plain, which is a high plateau, they can look out to sea and watch the steamers that pass, which is an interesting sight, as a rule, to many Boers. The air is bracing, the situation selected is healthy, water is good and plentiful, the climate is salubrious; and, after all, one wonders which is best—to be a prisoner on St. Helena, or at Pretoria; personally the writer would plump for the former.

Such, in brief, is the history of St. Helena, probably the best known of all the solitary islands in the world; and who is to say that it will not be the most talked-of place in the world, next to the Transvaal, while hostilities in South Africa continue. There is every prospect of the Boers remaining there till the war is over, and St. Helena, once more, as in the years gone by, is the little spot on the map of the world to which the eyes of all Europe are turned, as they were when Napoleon was imprisoned there.



WRITTEN BY H. WARD

ROUND

ABOUT

CHAMOUNIX

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



AIGUILLES VERRES ET DU DREU, WITH  
MONTANVERT HOTEL

THE days are now gone by when the *diligence* was the only connection between Geneva and Chamounix. (It may be mentioned in passing that there are thirteen authenticated ways of spelling the name of this village.)

The train now takes the tourist as far as Le Fayet, the station for the baths of St. Gervais, and is soon to puff defiance at Mont Blanc in Chamounix itself. Then it will be but a step to a funicular railway to the top of "the monarch of mountains" and a brand-new hotel in place of his "diadem of snow."

At present a *diligence* or a man's own ten toes, are the only means of reaching the once obscure Savoyard village from Le Fayet.

The *diligence* journey in the heat of the summer, unless after a thunder-storm, may be summed up as dust, drought, discomfort, and horse-flies. On turning out at Le Fayet, those who are wise abandon their luggage and rush for the booking office, where numbers have to be secured for the *diligences*. Woe betide the wretch who arrives too late to get an outside place. The dust, drought, discomfort, and horse-flies are just trebled.

Every now and then, as the road turns, there is a magnificent view of the snows, if it could only be seen, but the misery is too much for most; they bow their heads and await the end. It comes at last, with the usual concomitants of a Continental journey—a seething crowd of porters, all bent on appropriating as much baggage as they can carry, and compelling the owners, willy-nilly, to follow them. I fell a victim, and marched after my man, or rather my master, across the grey rushing Arve to the hotel.

A bath and a dinner revived me somewhat, and I became conscious that out of some five-and-thirty people sitting at my table not more than half a dozen spoke any language but English.

Bedtime comes soon, as early starts are the thing, and the daring man who sits in the smoking room much after half-past ten is soon morally ejected by the frequent visits and expressive countenances of the waiters. Till the retiring hour, the smoking room of a Chamounix hotel, is—to a man who as yet has never climbed anything higher than Ben Nevis or more dangerous than the Monument—what a Royal Links hotel, or an exclusively golfing house-party is to the man who does not know a brassy from a bunker, and thinks, with

the famous jockey, that there is just enough game in golf to spoil a good walk. Crevasses and séracs, glissades and aiguilles, form the staple of conversation, and the uninitiated man is fain to plunge into the odd Tauchnitz volumes or ten-year-old battered magazines shed by former tourists.

Breakfast begins at 6.30, for the benefit of those who are bent on some expedition. The first thing to be done is to observe parties on Mont Blanc through the hotel telescope. During the climbing season scarcely a day passes but there are some black, moving dots on the mountain—a difference indeed from the time, little more than a century ago, when the King of the Alps was thought unconquerable. The first ascent was made in 1787, and since then scarcely less than two thousand parties have conquered the giant, who has, however, taken a terrible percentage of victims to himself. For though Mont Blanc is considered, and rightly, to offer very few obstacles to climbers in the shape of difficult places, his body-guard of storms and avalanches has cruelly maintained his dignity.

The tourist who visits Chamounix for the first time generally spends his first day wandering about the village and finding out from guide-books and hotel acquaintances what there is to be done. The first impression of the place is that the population consists of tourists, dogs, guides, and mules; the village itself of a conglomeration of hotels and souvenir shops. He takes his boots to be nailed, and resists, if he can, the temptation to buy an alpen-stock and have it inscribed with a bristling selection of perilous peaks. My purchases on my first morning in the Alps consisted of a good thick vine stick with a sort of bayonet ferrule, a pound of ice nails on the soles of my feet, and a grass hat at six sous. It was an ample outfit for the ordinary mule-path climbs.

The consultation of acquaintances and guide-books results inevitably, the second day, in a struggle up to La Flégère. The struggle on these mule-paths is more a moral than a physical one. The party plod on steadily or by fits and starts, according to its powers

and temperament, but the end seems to be never coming. The paths lie for the most part through thick pine woods, and the goal is seldom seen till it is almost reached. But just as the Irishman discovered that it was not the falling that hurt, but the stopping, so it is not the climbing of the interminable tracks which is enjoyable, but the resting at the top. The delight of actually sitting down without the feeling that there is more to be done; the comfortable consumption of sandwiches brought from the hotel, and the local beer at famine prices; and last, but not least, the magnificent scene before one, is enough compensation for the toil and ever-recurring despair on the way up. The Flégère is absolutely opposite the Mer-de-Glace, and that alone is worth the struggle. Chamounix lies stretched out in the valley right between us and the Great White Mountain.

Except for the view of the Mer-de-Glace, winding its way round from the back of the Charmoz and Blaitière peaks, coming, as it does, almost from Mont Blanc itself, and finally issuing below us in the sources of the Arveyron, made famous by Turner's picture—except for this view, which is certainly magnificent—the Flégère expedition is hardly as well rewarded as the longer one up the Brévent.

This point, which is about 5,000 feet above Chamounix, is directly opposite the Glacier des Bossons, which, though not so beautiful as the Mer-de-Glace, is more interesting, as its crossing forms part of the ordinary route up Mont Blanc. From the Brévent one can watch the parties going up almost all the way, though, of course, only through a good telescope. At all the usual points to which tourists go there is a little inn, and one of the regular accompaniments is a telescope at fifty centimes a look. The Bossons Glacier has been the tomb of many of those who have met their deaths on Mont Blanc. In 1861 the remains of three guides who were engulfed in a crévasse in 1820, the first victims to mountaineering on Mont Blanc, reappeared at the bottom of the glacier, having travelled, it is calculated, more than four miles, embedded in the ice.



THE  
MER  
DE  
GLACE

Nor is this the only instance of the Glacier giving up its dead. Within the past few years the remains of Capt. Arkwright, who was swept into one of these Alpine *oubliettes* by an avalanche in 1866, emerged at the lower end of the ice-stream. They were identified by a handkerchief bearing his name, and now lie in the burying-ground of the little Protestant Church at Chamounix.

Of course no one goes away from Chamounix without a nearer inspection of the Mer-de-Glace than can be had from La Flégère. This is got by making an expedition to the Montanvert, where there is one of the ugliest hotels that was ever designed by architect. So far the expedition is much like the others, a long zigzag walk in pine woods; but from the Montanvert the way is open, that is, if we are not deterred by the perils of traversing the Mer-de-Glace to the other side, a crossing not half so difficult or dangerous as any in Piccadilly Circus. Most days of the week a Chamounix photographer takes his stand with his apparatus a little way on to the ice, and makes a picture of you in the most thrilling attitudes you can devise, and, I have no doubt, drives a fine trade.

On one occasion, when I accomplished

with a friend this perilous crossing, a man whose real occupation was cutting totally unnecessary steps in one or two places offered to guide us across. I suggested, with a smile, that I thought a guide was hardly necessary. "*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur,*" he said, trying, with doubtful success, to keep serious, and we proceeded on the hazardous undertaking alone.

The way back lies along the edge of the Glacier for some way, and then the "*mauvais pas*" has to be encountered. The epithet was perhaps deserved before the rails were put up, but now it has terrors for none. The money boxes *pour les pauvres* at either end are intended, I suppose, for votive and thanksgiving offerings before and after encountering the risk. They may serve their purpose, but I do not think the dangers of the "*mauvais pas*" have much to say to the matter.

For all these expeditions one ought to get up early and start in good time; for in the summer months the heat can be something to be taken into account. Personally, I had but little difficulty in turning out, since regularly at cock-crow I used to wake with the sound of tinkling bells in my ears. This sounds delightful, and there is certainly a charm



in the sound of the Swiss cow-bells as the sun sets, and the cows are being driven home for the night ; and in the middle of the day it is delightful to hear them as one toils up the mountain paths and can just catch sight of the owner of the bell as he stands almost buried in the undergrowth. But a troop of goats with their bells and the occasional shout of the goatherd, at four o'clock in the morning, is a very different thing.

There is a delightful uncertainty in the weather. A cloudless sky will often in a few hours become :

Vaulted with a congregated might  
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere  
Black rain and fire and hail will burst.

Then indeed, the valley is a fine sight, seen from the mountain-side, while the clouds are driven along between the hills, every now and then being caught in the pine tops and clinging to them in spite of the wind, then getting clear again and sweeping on till struck once more by a cross-current of wind and made positively to eddy by the opposing forces of the gale. This is what has hurled to destruction so many climbers whom the difficulties of the peaks were powerless to overcome.

After one of these storms it is well worth visiting one of the mountain torrents and marking its effect.

In a few hours one of these cataracts will swell to five times its normal proportions, and as quickly return to them. Meanwhile the strength of the water must be terrific. Huge boulders are tossed from one place to another as though they were corks. Woe betide any bridge which stands in the way ; it is swept away like a straw, and what were beaten paths the day before, are, after the storm, blocked by masses of stone which only another torrent can move. The banks above the torrent bed, however high above the water at its ordinary level, are swept flat and the long grass plastered down with mud, and bushes, if not swept away, are coated with the sand of the subsiding water. If would be worth much to see the storm-swollen Titan at his work. If a safe stand-point could be secured, a drenching would be but a small penalty to pay for such a sight.

Few people stay more than a fort-

night at Chamounix, and it becomes necessary to decide on the route by which one means to leave. If, as is the rule, Chamounix has been reached by Geneva, the best way of getting to the railway is to drive to Martigny ; and it is well worth taking a carriage instead of submitting to the terrible *diligence* again. The road keeps along the Arve as far as Argentière, and then going north-east, climbs a thousand feet very quickly and passes into the Valley of the Trient, or rather one of its tributaries, by the Col de Montets. At Barberine it crosses the Franco-Swiss frontier, for hitherto we have been in French territory, a fact which impressed me a good deal on my first visit to Chamounix.

Not long after the frontier, a road branches off at Chatelard, and follows the downward course of the Trient to Salvan and Vernayoz. The Martigny route, following the same stream upwards, curls round the Tête Noire.

Here the driver insists on a couple of hours' rest for lunch, and a change of horses is made either here or at the Col de Forclaz, which latter is the highest point reached, fifteen hundred feet above Chamounix. From here the eye reaches away over the Valley of the Rhone to the Jung Frau and Breithorn, close on fifty miles distant as the crow flies.

Henceforward the road goes steadily downhill, and we arrive at Martigny in time for dinner. Most people escape as quickly as possible from this place, unless they mean to visit the Monastery of St. Bernard. Perhaps my experience of Martigny was unfortunate, for after having had a perfect day—almost too cloudless indeed—for our drive from Chamounix, I was awakened, the next morning, by the pealing of thunder and deluges of rain. The only thing to be done was fairly to run away. Our time was almost up and we decided to return to work-a-day England as quickly as we could. We left Martigny and the storm at eleven in the morning : proceeded to Lausanne over an unruffled lake and under a dark-blue sky ; left Lausanne the same night ; and were dining in London within twenty-four hours.



ALL SAINTS

BELL TOWER

ST. LAWRENCE

EVESHAM:

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

TWO

CHURCHES

IN

ONE

WRITTEN BY CHARLOTTE MASON

CHURCHYARD

**I**N a bend of the river Avon lies Evesham, in the richest part of the district called the Vale of Evesham, universally renowned for its beauty and its old Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary the Virgin, whose walls witnessed one of the most memorable battles of mediæval times.

The tower is of great antiquity, the monastery having been founded here anno 700, by Prince Egwin, who gave the site to the monks and retired hither after he had been unjustly dispossessed

of the bishopric of Worcester by the Pope. It was a mitred abbey, whose Abbot sat in Parliament as a spiritual lord, and was one of the largest and most important in the kingdom; at the Dissolution its revenues amounted to £1,135 a year. In 709 it was liberally endowed by Kenred, King of Mercia, and Offa, King of the East Angles. Little now remains of the magnificent and stately building, save the curious gateway of Abbot Reginald (1122) leading to the churchyard, the oldest bit of

Norman architecture connected with the abbey, which has on either side an arcading of semi-circular arches, four feet high; also the beautiful entrance arch from the cloister to the vestibule of the chapter-house is still entire.

The two churches of St. Lawrence and All Saints were both built by the same monastic order as parochial chapels, and stand in one churchyard; the Abbey Church stood directly south of the Church of All Saints, and south-east of that of St. Lawrence, so that the north-west angle of the nave of the Abbey Church was in a line with the south-east angle of the south aisle of St. Lawrence's Church. Many fragments richly carved have been found on the site.

At the east end of the churchyard stands the magnificent old tower (detached from any other building), begun by Gortes in the 12th century and rebuilt in the 15th as a receptacle for the clock and big bell of the abbey, also to form a gatehouse to the conventual cemetery, as in the present day it does to the churchyard. It is a structure of stone 117 feet in height, decorated with richly-carved panelling, battlements, and eight crocketed pinnacles, containing a clock with chimes, and a fine peal of eight bells. The whole tower is considered the finest specimen extant of the pointed ecclesiastical style of the 16th century. At the Dissolution it was fortunately saved from the general wreck by the inhabitants, who purchased it for their use. The bells of the two churches have been removed, and now hang in the tower.

The Church of St. Lawrence was consecrated by the Bishop of St. Asaph in 1205; originally it was built in the Early English style, but was rebuilt in the 16th century. It consists of chancel, nave, aisles, and a tower of three stages "with a turret at the south-west angle, and a plain parapet with pinnacles, from within which rises a short spire." The lower stage of the tower serves as a porch, contains one bell, and on the outside has a rude carving of the Crucifixion. The roof is enriched with fan-tracery, and there are six fine memorial windows.

Attached to the church is the richly-decorated chapel of Abbot Lichfield, the final builder of the bell-tower—a chapel of exquisite beauty, lighted on the south and east by fine Perpendicular windows; below the east window are vestiges of an altar, and on each side an elaborately-canopied niche.

All Saints Church is an elegant structure in the Early English style, consisting of chancel, nave, aisles, two lateral chapels—"forming a quasi-transept"—and an embattled tower, with pinnacles and octagonal spire, containing one bell. Built out from the south side is the chapel in which Abbot Lichfield was buried (1514). The stone placed over the remains of the famous Abbot originally enclosed an effigy and inscription in brass, both of which, though extant in the reign of Charles I., are now lost. The reredos of alabaster has in the centre a carving of the "Descent from the Cross," the panels being filled in with adoring angels. The pulpit is of white alabaster, and contains figures of the Evangelists. The porch at the western entrance is of very beautiful construction, embattled, and having pinnacles at the angles.

On an eminence north of the town was fought, in 1265, one of the most stirring battles in the English annals, between Edward, afterwards Edward I., and Simon de Montford, the great Earl of Leicester, in which the Earl and most of his adherents were slain. The events of the Barons' War are written in every English history, and the final battle can only be briefly mentioned here. A Gothic tower has been erected on the spot, and the spring where Simon de Montford fell is still called "Battle Well."

After the battle of Lewes, when Prince Edward and the old King had both been taken prisoners, and the former had been kept as a hostage, though otherwise treated as a Prince, the conspiring lords found means to assist him in his escape from his lax captivity, and proposed that he should be their leader, to which he naturally consented, and managed to elude his attendants, and secretly joined the Earl of Gloucester at Ludlow, while Simon and the stupid old King were at Hereford.

And here it was that the trap was laid in which was caught the wise and wary leader of the Barons, and the best soldier of his day.

With the aid of the Earl of Gloucester the Prince raised the men of the west to such purpose that they attacked the Earl's son—the careless young Simon—by night, defeated him, and forced him into captivity in Kenilworth Castle, which belonged to his family.

His father, Simon de Montford, not knowing what had happened, marched out of Hereford with his part of the army, and the old King to meet him. But at Evesham there was fatal delay. On a bright morning in August, on nearing the stately Abbey, and hearing the "sweet bells and the song of the monks" a halt was commanded, and while the army marched over Bengeworth Bridge and encamped upon the meadows lying round the Abbey, the King and the Earl passed within the sacred precincts to hear a Mass and dine with the Abbot before proceeding further. Simon being ignorant of the blow that had been dealt his son, felt confident of victory, and there was a great feast that afternoon in the Abbey refectory. At the first streak of dawn, Simon stood, looking anxiously across the prospect toward Kenilworth; as he gazed he saw his own banners advancing, but, alas! as they drew nearer he perceived that the banners were captured and were flaunted as trophies in the hands of the enemy. Then the

great Earl knew that all was lost. "It is over!" he cried; "the Lord have mercy on our souls, for our bodies are Prince Edward's." He did not wait for the attack, but charged with his men up the hill and fought on bravely until his beloved son Henry was slain, and the bodies of his best friends covered the path; then he fell, still fighting, sword in hand.

Some of England's noblest blood was spilt on the fields of Evesham that day, and the slaughter was continued even into the sacred precincts of the Abbey, the Church itself being desecrated by human blood. The Avon, Shakespeare's river, was choked with dead bodies, and the place where the army tried to cross is called "Dead Man's Ait" to this day.

Thus was slain at Evesham the Cromwell of the thirteenth century, but the indignities heaped by the Royalists on the body of the great statesman could not lower him in the minds of his faithful adherents; the years passed away and they loved him more and more, and always regarded him as a saint, and spoke of him as "Sir Simon the Righteous." If there were nothing else for which we have cause to be grateful to Simon de Montford, we certainly have reason to be thankful to him for laying the foundation of the English House of Commons. This work remained, and none of the substantial advantages of the baronial war of the thirteenth century have ever been lost.

